

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1807

DECEMBER 22, 1906

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THE Council of the University of Sheffield is about to appoint a Librarian who must have high academic qualifications. Copies of not more than three testimonials, and the names of two referees, must be sent, by January 23, 1907, to the Registrar, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

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By the late

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Edited by

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LONDON: DEAN & SON, LTD., 160 FLEET STREET, E.C.

The book-year ends this week—on Monday anyhow.
On Wednesday, at the psychological moment for the
Christmas trade, there appeared the January *BOOK
MONTHLY*, bringing the record of the book-year down
to its close.

Besides lists, it has bright articles and beautiful
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THE LITERARY WEEK

AT this season of the year the spirit of good-will is abroad, and while wishing our readers all the compliments of the season, we must congratulate them on the fact that the Angel of Peace has so little to do. No war-worn veterans are facing each other on the field of battle. No weary campaigners are sighing for a brush of the angel's wing. If we may be permitted to descend from this poetical language to a more colloquial style, it may be said that the angel has only a few small jobs on hand. He ought not to find it difficult to reconcile such well-meaning foes as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Birrell, or to illumine the deathless face of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with a beatific expression towards Mr. Balfour. The Lords and Commons are not so much in earnest over their fight that they cannot lie down at Christmas like the lion and the lamb in Revelations. It may not be quite an easy task to make Mr. Moberley Bell smile sweetly to Mr. John Murray and Mr. Edward Bell, or cause Mr. Asquith to beam on the suffragettes, but happy is the country where no fiercer disputes are raging!

Abroad there may be more to do. It would probably tax even an angel's gifts to make peace between the German Emperor and his Socialist subjects. "The Païpe, that pagan fu' o' pride," has got into a quarrel with some of his French antagonists that may survive even the amenities of Christmas. In America the angel may be prayed to waken some kinder feeling between President Roosevelt and the fashionable and childless women at whom he is so continuously girding. Most of us have known Yule-tide in which darker and more formidable passions were raging. It seems but yesterday that Japanese and Russian soldiers were fronting each other on the field of battle, and not much longer than yesterday since the soldiers of the Queen were celebrating Christmas Day with bullets whistling about their ears. Those who remember these events are entitled to have their smile at the little tiffs between Lords and Commons, or even between Jupiter Tonans and the publishers.

From a publisher—Arthur Herbert Limited—at Porte St.-Catherine, Bruges, we have received a little book by Louis Thomas, called "La Maladie et la Mort de Mauissant." It is a kind of publication of which we have had several deplorable examples in this country, but one to be strongly reprehended. After a writer's death we have his work to judge him by, and it seems intolerable that because a man has attained to a certain degree of fame all the privacies of his life, vices, pleasures, intrigues, and amusements should be, as it were, subjected to the microscope, and his secrets laid bare to the world. No good purpose can be served by this sort of thing. It is body-snatching of the worst possible description, and we trust that the custom of making these morbid studies will not spread. Surely the dead have a right to rest in peace.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published two very pretty little books on Tennyson and Stevenson, tiny and finely printed pamphlets of some forty pages each, with good illustrations. How they are produced for sixpence we do not know, but even in a brochure issued at that modest price Mr. G. K. Chesterton might take the trouble to get his quotations right. The following appears in his not very illuminating discourse on Tennyson:

... The battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out on the foam,
Many a smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter
or till,
And strike, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

We give the proper version for Mr. Chesterton's benefit. He talks a great deal about the melody of Tennyson, but he has spoiled it considerably in his garbled quotation:

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the
foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter
and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

The Stevenson in the same series is popular and pretty, but Mr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Chesterton, who do the small booklet between them, have omitted to mention what is really the most instructive and interesting point in Stevenson's career—that which gave occasion to the famous and ill-expressed article of W. E. Henley. Henley was not a writer who had mastered the art of making his meaning clear to those who were not more or less in his own position, but his complaint was not ungrounded. It was one of the saddest disappointments to his manly and steadfast heart that Robert Louis Stevenson had not proved true to the aspirations with which the two young men set out. Henley's opinion was that his friend had "taken his ease in Zion," and that he had not lived fully and truly up to his convictions, but had gone astray after the strange gods of popularity. The true Stevenson found expression in one of his short stories, and some who had studied him to purpose believed that never again was he absolutely and austere true to himself, careless of what might follow.

A curious specimen of American humour reaches us in the shape of "The Auto Guest Book of Mobile Maxims." The decorations with which this banquet of automobilia wit is served up have a turn of criticism that will be quite welcome. Here are a few examples: "An auto at speed is a friend indeed"; "Remember, never to mend too late"; "Little ditches cause big fears"; "Haste makes 'chased'"; "Spare the oil and spoil the ride"; "A fair exchange is no garage"; "Pity not thy horse, which can boast both sire and dam; thine auto hath no damn but thine to comfort it"; "Where there's a bill there's a way"; "Of thy chauffeur, tell the truth; it won't shame the devil"; "A girl in the auto is worth two in the push." On the whole automobilia wit does not seem to be very dazzling.

Of a similar nature, though less "cheap," is "A Century of Misquotations" sent us by the same publishers (Messrs. Paul Elder). "The puzzled reader" is informed that "each number composing this selection of misquotations is formed by welding two selections into one," and he is asked to separate these parts and to assign to each the rightful author. It is a form of amusement which ought to be popular for a winter's night. The following are samples:

On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play,
I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee:
Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

Many of them are too simple, as :

The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell.

The following is at least funny :

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

How many people could tell us offhand whence these four lines come :

He is a fool who thinks by force and skill
To turn the current of a woman's will,
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't ;
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't ?

The Senate has decided that the ashes of Zola are to rest in the Pantheon, but those who dislike Zola may console themselves with the thought that he will not remain there for ever. There is an ambiguity about the Pantheon which must have puzzled many a visitor, and the nature of the fame that it confers is somewhat doubtful too. For the Pantheon is a church without an altar: it is a classic edifice built in memory of a mediæval saint. Its aisles are not veiled in seemly gloom, but are flooded with light, as is natural in a temple designed in the century of Voltaire. On the dome is a painting of St. Geneviève, the prophetess; on a pediment is a bas-relief that represents the Fatherland rewarding its great men. The Parisians saw at once that the Pantheon was no church, and they made it a place of interment for distinguished people. Mirabeau was the first to be buried there, but he was not allowed to stay, and the same fate befell Marat. So, too, it is only the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau that are shown: at the Restoration their ashes were flung into the Seine. Lannes, the hero of Saragossa, was more fortunate. Victor Hugo has been there for some twenty years. In 1848 the Pantheon became for the second time a church. It is the Campo Santo or the Westminster Abbey of Paris, but with a considerable difference.

Steps are being taken to erect a memorial to Gerald Griffin, who has described Irish life and character with remarkable fidelity and charm. Griffin's literary career was interesting, but not extraordinary. At twenty-one he found himself in London with a play, *Gisippus*, which he could not get accepted, but which Macready produced at Drury Lane, after the author's death, with much success. He earned a living by writing for the magazines, and he also worked for an editor, who sent him from time to time three-volumed novels to review with a request that he would not cut the leaves. But some people will think that his critical sagacity must have been a little defective, for he thought the Lake school and Landor "stupid and prosy," and talked of the "trash" of Alfred Tennyson. He attained to fame with the publication of "Collegians," the tale of a clandestine union of a man with a girl of inferior rank, and with "Suil Dhuv," a story of robbers. Griffin was of the stuff of which true authors are made, for when he was questioned as to his method of writing "Collegians" he replied that "it used to write itself." He retired to Ireland, joined the Christian Brothers, and died in 1840.

"Dingley the Famous Author" is a book of which we may perhaps hear more. It is the work of two French writers, and has just won a prize offered by the Goncourt Academy. The book is a study of an Englishman, whose prototype is perhaps Kipling. In any case, he has won fame at forty: soldiers sing his verses when they set out

for a campaign, and he is known for his patriotism and his belief in the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race. But it is the moment of the Boer War, and English pride had been sorely wounded. Dingley wishes to offer some consolation to his country and sketches out a plan for a novel in which a miserable loafer enlists and under the influence of the war develops into a hero. To get the local colour he goes to Capetown with his wife and child. Leaving them there, he starts for the veldt. But the child sickens and the father is recalled. A Boer who captures him lets him go and helps him on his way, and he reaches his child in time to kiss it before it dies. The Boer is taken fighting and is condemned to death. Dingley, who might have saved him, refuses to intercede. His novel has an immense sale, and when its incidents are represented by means of a bioscope in a public hall in London, the picture of the execution of the Boer is received with tumultuous applause.

"Posh," for whom a subscription has been opened by one of the daily papers, occupies a great place in the life of the translator of "Omar Khayyam." Edward Fitzgerald, who was mourning the loss of a friend, was according to his own account wandering about the shore at night, wondering whom he would meet to fill up the vacant place in his heart. It was in these circumstances that he made the acquaintance of "Posh" the skipper, whom he describes as "a man of the finest Saxon type, with a complexion vif, mâle et flamboyant, blue eyes, a nose less than Roman, more than Greek, and strictly auburn hair that any woman might sigh to possess." In addition to all this Fitzgerald saw in him so many virtues that he never would believe that anything he did was wrong. Once after enjoying an Homeric banquet with Fitzgerald, "Posh" lay down upon the sofa. Some friends of Fitzgerald seemed inclined to regard this as an unwarrantable liberty, but he only exclaimed, "Poor fellow, see how tired he is!" The two were constantly together, and as Fitzgerald's manner sometimes verged on the eccentric strangers at Lowestoft were apt to regard him as a lunatic and "Posh" as the keeper. It was for "Posh" that Fitzgerald built a fishing lugger, and he also had his portrait painted so that it might hang side by side with the portraits of his other two friends, Thackeray and Tennyson. It is possible that some of "Posh's" sealore may have got into Tennyson's poems *via* Fitzgerald, and his remark that "the spoon-drift flew so thick over the vessel as to cut the sun right into little stars" is a gem.

What has been known for many years as the "fiction bogey" was brought before the Library Association at its meeting at Hanover Square by Mr. E. A. Baker (Woolwich). The quarrel with the critics is not now whether fiction should be admitted to public libraries, but whether a discretion should be exercised. There is a difference of opinion as to what is good and what is bad fiction. A standard of selection is necessary, and this can only be based on a consensus of opinion. Before this opinion can be formed it is necessary to study the objects of the public library. There are two methods of arriving at this—the historical and the sociological. In both cases the conclusion is the same. In the speeches and evidence at the passing of the first Act in 1850 there is not a word about supplying the material for educational debauchery. Everywhere even at that period the object was the education and enlightenment of the people, and libraries were recognised as the schools of grown men. The so-called popular novel is not really popular. If the number of readers of inferior fiction were counted, instead of the issues of this class of book, the number of individual readers would be found comparatively small. It is true the public libraries are supported by the people, but the popular control is exercised through qualified representatives or skilled specialists,

There are only two tests of the percentage of fiction (if there is any reason why fiction should be singled out any more than poetry or music or any other class of book, seeing that there is more than enough of bad poetry and of music without harmony)—the "time" test, and the test of cost. These represent two points of view, that of the library, and of the reader. On a recent occasion Mr. Carnegie stated that, taking the time expended upon the reading of novels of all kinds as the test of their use in public libraries, the proportion of fiction in relation to other classes would be found to be about 15 per cent. And the cost of the books and their upkeep is, if anything, rather less. (Mr. Philip, Gravesend.) At the same time, much of the responsibility of the fiction question rests on the librarian. Committees are usually guided by their officers. (Rev. Canon Beck.) Nevertheless, the public library is answering the question itself by educating the readers. Since public libraries were first established under the Act the fiction percentage has been going down (Mr. Kettle, Guildhall). The fundamental thing is to get the material—the reader—into the library, and then improve his taste (Mr. Jast, Croydon).

Booksellers' catalogues are of importance to every one having anything to do with books. And Mr. Burt (Handsworth) followed Mr. Baker with a contribution on the subject, read by Mr. Prideaux. The originator of this method of advertising was George Wither, of Strasbourg, who published his first catalogue in 1554 or 1564, probably the latter. The first catalogue said to have been published in England was one of English books, issued in 1680, and continued to 1685. But an earlier specimen of 1595, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth and somewhat on the lines of a subject index, is in existence. These old catalogues are usually very meagre in the information they offer, and the prices of the same books vary considerably. The quantity of catalogues at the present time increases daily, but there is still much to be desired in their arrangement. A well annotated catalogue is not only a guide to the purchaser, but a good speculation for the bookseller. One of the chief objections to the catalogues of the present day is that the single entries are sometimes under author, illustrator, title or subject, and all mixed up in one alphabetical sequence, so that it is impossible to find any particular book. As the increase of cost precludes the multiplication of entries, a systematic scheme of classification with author entries should be uniformly adopted, and a summary of the subject headings at the commencement of the catalogues would make reference easy. Not only do many catalogues not observe any uniformity of entry, either under author, title or subject, but where the entry is under the last of these, startling transpositions are found. Perhaps the greatest objection to the greater number of catalogues is the omission of the most important particular—the dates of publication of the books.

Mr. Murray has in the press a new series of books on English literature, dealing with the subject somewhat in the manner in which Mr. Mackail deals with Latin Literature in his manual, and Mr. J. R. Green and Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher deal with English history. That is, not giving merely a dry record of writers and their books, but tracing the growth of English literature and the causes to which its force and wealth are due, and introducing just so much of biography and incident as may serve to link the narrative on to the history of our country. The volumes are intended primarily for educational purposes, and the first will deal with the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century and will be accompanied by three graduated volumes of extracts, each complete in itself and designed for upper, middle and lower classes in schools respectively.

LITERATURE

POPULAR CRITICISM

The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature. By THOMAS SECCOMBE and W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. 2 vols. (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s. net.)

DURING the past few years several important works on the history of English literature have appeared, and the authors seem to differ greatly in the conception they form of the task they undertake and the objects they seek to attain. Professor Courthope's bulky work, for example, is valuable chiefly as showing the threads by which the literature of various times and different countries is connected. The work on which Professor Saintsbury is engaged is, in a sense, much more explanatory and critical. Some years ago Mr. Heinemann published a book similar to this, but it differed in so far that the authors, Mr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse, aimed less at popularity. Its principal feature lay in the illustrations. Museums had been ransacked in order that pages, head-pieces, colophons, title-pages, and autographs might be reproduced. The authors evidently desired to carry the imagination of their readers back to the conditions in which early writers had to work. Those we have mentioned will all be treasured by the student of literature chiefly as works of reference. An earlier work of the same nature used to be to many of us a source of inspiration. We refer to the first edition of Chambers's *Encyclopædia of English Literature*. It was not so thorough or so critical as more modern works, yet that book had a charm which in our opinion the others lack. We remember what a delight it was in youth to take it down and turn over the pages, not for the history and criticism but for the delightful quotations. Many an author who subsequently became a great favourite owed his first introduction to the public to the judicious extracts which struck the eye as one turned its leaves. Mr. Thomas Seccombe and Mr. Robertson Nicoll have not attempted to do the same thing in their book. The pictures, for instance, may be described as decorations rather than illustrations proper. The portraits are well chosen and finely reproduced, but most of the other pictures, however pleasing to look upon, have absolutely no value as illustrations of the text. Stothart's clever painting, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," embodies only the painter's conception of Chaucer's text. It has no solid or scholarly value. Mr. Walter Crane's drawing of "The Wedding of the Medway and the Thames" to illustrate a passage in "The Faery Queen" is again purely decorative. "Cordelia's Portion," from a painting by Ford Madox Brown, "Malvolio and the Countess," from a painting by Daniel Maclise, and "The Play Scene in *Hamlet*," by the same artist, Ford Madox Brown's "Romeo and Juliet," Boughton's picture of "Milton's Meeting with Andrew Marvell," and Landseer's "Defeat of Comus," in the first volume may be all classified together as purely useless ornaments to the text, and in the second volume, "Dr. Johnson waiting for an audience with Lord Chesterfield," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Meeting of Burns and Scott," "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," must be placed in the same category. To have shown the handwriting of the authors, or indeed anything that was part of them, and to some extent an indication of their character or their surroundings would have had a more definite value for the serious student of literature. Leaving the subject of illustration, however, it is a fair question to ask for what purpose these essays are intended. The authors have not been able to strike the keynote of a great historical epic, as, for example, J. R. Green did in his "Short History of the English People," where the trend of thought and the generation of movements were steadily followed from century to century. The plan they have adopted bears a close resemblance to that

with which the University Extension Lecturer is generally credited. That is to say, they have industriously gathered together the main facts of a writer's life, and have managed to say, generally, the correct thing about him; but surely that involves a somewhat low ideal of the purpose of a history of English literature. Its aim, we take it, is not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Those who have read widely in English letters are not likely to require to have opinions formed for them from the outside. Voltaire once said that he would "have preferences, but no exclusions," but that is a counsel of perfection. Each true lover of literature will form likings peculiar to himself. Some things he will like and some he will not like, but whatever the opinion of his critics he will have his own private anthology. Nor is it at all desirable that formulated opinions should be forced upon his mind. On the other hand, the youth who is just beginning to open up the ploughland of letters will, we are sure, be more enticed into reading by judicious extract than by the gravest homily. We have to remember that although to us who have travelled over the ground the beauties of it are mostly familiar, they are still fresh and undiscovered to the younger generation, and who knows what effect may be produced by a haunting phrase picked up at random from a history of literature? The single line, "Ah! wanton, will ye?" has led many a one to read everything that he could lay hold of that bore the name of Lodge, and the ever fresh and ever delightful cuckoo song, "Somer is icumen in, loud sing cuckoo," has cost more searching among our earliest poetry than the learning of all the philosophers. Marlowe's "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships, and burned the topless towers of Ilium" has brought many a worshipper to the shrine of that dramatist. No writer is so familiar but that some new admirer will be attracted by a well-chosen quotation. Indeed we can scarcely imagine a true lover of literature discoursing on the works of those men whose lines have been familiar to him from childhood without wishing to repeat some of them.

We cannot but consider it, therefore, to be a grave defect of this book that it contains so much in the way of exposition and argument and is so penurious in quotation. Curiously enough the ballads that form the natural introduction to literature, coming as they have done for ages past from the mouths of those who knew them, are altogether omitted. Such phrases as that "Tom Jones" was a pivotal novel where a word that has got into critical slang of to-day is used as far as we can see without any definite meaning or that Tennyson produced "yearnful music" speaks more of Fleet Street than of the study. To go a little deeper into the matter and to judge the writers by a very high standard indeed, it seems to us that they have not heard what Gladstone once called the solemn voice of the ages. The poet, or for that matter the prose writer, to act as the interpreter of his time, must yield more or less to the atmosphere into which he was born and in which he lives. There must be some good reason to account for the gaiety as of a bird's carol in such early music as that cuckoo song to which we have already alluded, and the profound melancholy with which Arnold in our own day heard the breaking of the waves on Dover beach. Impulses, like great summer clouds, have from time to time swept over the face of intellectual England and nowhere has the effect been more marked than in the poetry. But our authors, clear and keen and acute as they are within the range of their activity, seem to lack the breadth and depth that would have carried them into this wide field of thought. The book is one to make conversation with. Those familiar with its pages will be able to give a fairly intelligent opinion—or rather the echo of a fairly intelligent opinion—upon almost any author or book that happens to be mentioned, but the thoughtful reader will miss that suggestiveness which would have set his own thoughts to work without perhaps furnishing him with matter for

superficial conversation. Nor does the intelligence of the authors find expression in fineness of appreciation and discrimination. There is a passage in which it would almost appear that they believe that the style of Henry Fielding was not better than that of Tobias Smollett. The essay on Jane Austen is altogether unworthy of the pages. It surely might have occurred to the writers that a novelist so beloved of Tennyson, so highly thought of by Macaulay, and so much cherished by every true writer, ought not to have been dismissed with this jejune and insufficient notice. The assertion that she "carves profiles on a cherry-stone" is one of the most fatuous we have ever met with in criticism professing to be serious.

WESTMINSTER VERSIONS

Renderings into Greek and Latin Verse from the "Westminster Gazette." Edited by H. F. Fox, M.A. (London and Oxford, 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book to be welcomed for various reasons. It shows that the standard of Greek and Latin verse-writing is as high as ever in the two great English Universities, and that such is the fascination of a graceful and scholarly art that the most accomplished of modern scholars have been tempted to take part in a competition started by an enterprising London newspaper. The little book of about a hundred pages is nicely got up and fits easily into the coat pocket. The English pieces afford very good reading, and are of necessity quite out of the beaten track of English poetry, seeing that for the purpose of the competition the pieces set must be such as are not included in any of the many published collections of Greek and Latin verse.

The compositions are pretty well divided between Oxford and Cambridge; perhaps we meet oftenest the well known initials E. D. S., which do not indicate Edwards's Desiccated Soup, but that more potent and delicate essence, the extract of the spirit of Greek and Latin Poetry prepared by Mr. E. D. Stone, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. We think, however, that Mr. Dames-Longworth, scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, "wipes his eye" in his rendering of a poem by G. J. Romanes beginning,

Be it not mine to steal the cultured flower
From any garden of the rich and great.

Mr. Stone gives

Ne mihi furari libeat, quem pinguibus hortis
Eximio florem nomine Croesus alit.

But there is no suggestion of anything so dainty as floriculture in the name of the Oriental monarch, though, of course, the Lydian gardens were famous in antiquity. F. D.-L. has dexterously caught the idea in a happy echo from Juvenal's *Senecae praedivitis hortos*:

Non ego, quos nimia Crassus praedives in hortis
Arte colit flores, surripuisse velim.

Mr. Dames-Longworth has also contributed a very clever version of the mock-metaphysical "Death of Space" from the Bon Gaultier Ballads. He would find a similar congenial theme in "Bright breaks the warrior o'er the ocean wave" by James (or was it Horace?) Smith in "The Comic English Grammar." A version of it in Greek dithyrambic strophes and antistrophes is essayed in the very last number of *Kottabos*, p. 332 of vol. ii. (new series).

Oxford, admirably represented by Godley, Sidgwick, and Morshead, is in the van with Greek iambs. Mr. T. C. Moss of St. John's College, Cambridge, falls into an error (p. 52) in making *φαιβος* mean the Sun. It never has that meaning, though in Latin *Phoebus* is a synonym of *Sol*. So *nympha* is never "a girl" in the Latin poets, though old-fashioned composers use it as a synonym of *puella*.

The same scholar gives us (p. 57) a masterly version of Browning's

You never know what life means till you die.

Mr. F. R. Shilleto as a composer is a worthy son of his father, but "my tender brother" is not well rendered by ἀδελφῶν ἡπιώτατον κῆρα, and surely θηλύνουσι is a misprint for θηλύνουσι on p. 41, l. 9 from bottom.

In hexameters Mr. Stone is again to the fore. Mr. Ramsay has a very happy version from Tennyson on p. 75. Mr. Godley and Mr. Bailey give some grand Lucretian hexameters which end the little volume. This is the former's version of a fine poem of Matthew Arnold's which would not at first sight suggest hexameters, though it is really eminently suited to that measure:

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes—

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Usque adeo nihil est quod puro numine solis
viximu' laetantes? quod ver sensus hilaravit?
multas concepisse animo gessisse manu res
quod licuit nobis et amantes invicem amasse?
tamne inimicorum nil est frustrantia coepta
vincere vi, veris vel amicis auxiliari,
ut procul hinc homines dubium se laetitiae
capturos fructum sperent et tempore longo
tandem venturam, veniat si forte, quietem,
atque futurorum cupidi praesentia perdant?

Hear now Mr. Bailey:

An nihil est, solis blandos sensisse calores
et venum carpsisse diem, flagrasseque amore,
digna manu fecisse, animo dum magna volu'es?
nil, quod constantes iam sorte bearis amicos
obstantesque tibi dextra conflixeris hostes?
quid prodest aliae tibi fingere praemia vitae
atque aevi dubio splendori inhiare futuri,
huius si aetatis praesentia praemia perdas,
nec prius otia captaris quam moenia mundi
transieris profugus?

The latter rendering is hardly so redolent of the Lucretian style as Mr. Godley's, but it is a fine piece of manly Latin verse, and is not without the sombre note of the great poet-philosopher of the Roman Republic.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE MAN COLUMBUS AND HIS IDEA

Christopher Columbus and the New World of his Discovery. A Narrative. By FILSON YOUNG. 2 vols. (E. Grant Richards, 25s. net.)

MR. FILSON YOUNG has some of the qualities which went to make Columbus a hero. He has a superb confidence in his native ability to achieve great things in unaccustomed spheres. There is probably no sea into which he would not plunge his literary barque assured of his skill in navigation, uncharted though the waters were. He writes a novel of an unconventional sort with the same facility that he advises the expert motorist, and he feels as much at home on board a caravel with Columbus as on a car touring familiar highways.

In the present "Narrative" he attempts to bring to life in the twentieth century one of the great personal forces of the fifteenth. The task is one demanding the genius of a Froude and a power of imagination denied to average mortals. It were as easy for a Senior Wrangler to enter into the sentiments and live the life of the Village Duffer, for a lady of Fashion to set forth a laundress's most intimate thoughts and doings, as for a man in the

days of steam and electricity and Dreadnoughts, when every part of the world save the North Pole is open to his knowledge if not his personal exploration, to visualise and re-create the conditions and the people of a time when the Atlantic was an Ocean of Fables, when men were startled at the discovery of a way round the southern extremity of Africa, when the most enlightened could only speculate on the possibility of reaching the Far East by voyaging West. That the earth was spherical was an idea of the ancients. Cartographers and mariners had probably most of them made up their minds on that point long before Columbus sailed on his first memorable voyage. But what was to be found beyond the Atlantic was a mystery. When Columbus started there were few who did not regard his errand as the maddest project that had ever entered a sailor's head, and if he had not been a man of infinite resource, diplomatic as well as physical, he would never have succeeded in getting his crew of superstitious gaolbirds and adventurers beyond a point at which it was imagined they would go clean over the side of the world into space or something worse. How completely in the dark Columbus himself was as to realities is sufficiently shown by the fact that when he was in Española he thought he was in Asia. He certainly never suspected that a continent and another ocean divided the Atlantic from the land of the Great Khan.

Any student eager for the hard facts of Christopher Columbus's life may put his hand on a plethora of material without difficulty. The industry of latter-day inquirers like Mr. Henry Harrisse and Sir Clements Markham and Mr. Edward Payne has probably left little or nothing to be discovered. Mr. Filson Young is "amazed" at what seemed to him "a striking disproportion between the extent of the modern historians' work on the subject and the knowledge or interest in it displayed by what we call the general reading public." He is—as we should all be—surprised to find "how many well-informed people there are whose knowledge of Columbus is comprised within two beliefs, one of them erroneous, the other doubtful: that he discovered America and performed a trick with an egg." It is therefore to bridge the gulf between the labours of the historians and the indifference of the modern reader that Mr. Filson Young has imposed upon himself the burden of telling the story of Columbus's doings from the time he learnt weaving in Genoa till he died at Valladolid a querulous, gout-ridden, disappointed old man of fifty-five or thereabouts. Mr. Filson Young brushes Washington Irving's claims on one side with the contemptuous remark that "all that can be said for him is that he kept the lamp of interest in Columbus alive for English readers during the period that preceded the advent of modern critical research"—and, it might be added, of Mr. Filson Young prepared to give us the final and authentic portrait.

Mr. Filson Young's Columbus has many merits. It is picturesquely, vivaciously and vigorously written, with here and there a touch reminiscent of Carlyle; it leaves an indelible impression of the Man dominated by an Idea, of the indomitable persistency with which he prosecuted his ambition, of the life starting in poverty, attaining a dazzling zenith of glory and closing in clouds and darkness; of the call of the sea which few can ignore but which to Columbus was imperative, irresistible; of the crash of fifteenth-century Christianity into the midst of the unsuspecting Earthly Paradise which henceforth was to know only fire and slaughter at the hands of civilisation more cruel than Carib barbarism itself—all this and a vast deal more Mr. Filson Young conveys in a way which will win him readers. He does not, however, strike us as an infallible witness, and "modern historical research," which may dispose of Washington Irving, is not perhaps always on the side of Mr. Filson Young. He speaks of John Cabot as a Venetian, though Mr. Harrisse, we imagined, had long since made it clear that Cabot was Genoese, like Columbus, and in any case only a naturalised Venetian. What does Mr. Filson Young mean by saying

that "It is an error continually made by the biographers of Columbus that the purpose of Prince Henry's explorations down the Coast of Africa was to find a sea road to the West Indies by way of the East. It was nothing of the kind"? Prince Henry certainly did try to find a way to India and the Spice Islands by an eastern sea route, but the prevalent notion was not that the West would be reached by going East, but that the East Indies could be struck by going West. Mr. Filson Young makes no reference to the offer of Columbus to Henry VII. which was delayed through his brother Bartholomew being captured by pirates. But for that misfortune Columbus might conceivably have sailed under the English flag as Cabot did a few years later. Or does our author dismiss the story altogether as the result of his "modern scientific research"? According to Hakluyt, Bartholomew Columbus was in England in 1488; according to Mr. Filson Young he returned to Lisbon at the end of that year with Diaz after rounding the Cape. In a book appealing to the British public this incident, if true, would be of extreme interest; if untrue, as perhaps Mr. Filson Young can show, it is worth disproving.

THEORIES AND FACTS

The Lower Niger and Its Tribes. By Major ARTHUR GLYN LEONARD. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.)

MAJOR LEONARD has many of the qualifications necessary for the student of the less civilised races. He has sympathy; he can "think black," in his own phrase. He recognises a natural fellow creature, "very much like you and me," in the simple, subtle, sensitive, and "slim" native of the Niger delta. He can allow for the influence of a climatic environment "in which nature is at her worst." He knows that the tribes of the Niger are thinkers, as all natural people are, that their curiosity about ultimate problems is keen, but that it is easily satisfied by crude spiritualistic theories. The people are in the higher barbarism, and have strong commercial tendencies.

Sympathetic, unprejudiced, observant, and intelligent, Major Leonard, I fear, while he "thinks black," is too apt to "write white." The defect of his book is its verbal exuberance, and its overflow of theories about the origin of religion. We want facts, and we get many facts, *nantes in gurgite vasto*, the wide waste of reflections on the facts.

From considerations of space I shall try to cling to the statement of fact about philosophy and belief on the Lower Niger. "The belief in the existence of the human soul is universal. . . . To these natural people the terms 'soul' and 'spirit' are synonymous, in spite of the fact that they have a separate word for each." Soul is "Nkpulohe," "Moa Moa" is spirit. There is really a distinction, I venture to think, corresponding to that noticed by Mr. Dudley Kidd, among the Zulus, between *Idhlozi* and *Itongo*. The *Idhlozi* is the soul of a person from life to death, the *Itongo* comes to him from, and finally returns to, the corporate community of the *Hinatongo*, the ancestors. (Kidd, "Savage Childhood," pp. 281-289.) The Nigerian *Nkpulohe*, in a similar way, is the soul confined in the human body " (with power to wander in dreams), the *Moa Moa* is "the spirit when at large, or when confined in an object or an organism outside the human."

Here Major Leonard gives us that most desirable thing, a text, or at least a sort of a text, the statement of an Ibo of the interior, whose name implies "Hand of God." "God" appears to enter into Nigerian as into old Hebrew personal names. It would have been well to state whether the man spoke in English or in Ibo, and whether his account of beliefs was taken down at once, on the spot, or was written from memory. The soul is represented as "the fruit of the body," while the spirit is "the soul whose material body has deceased or decayed."

The soul "does not perish with the body, because it is the only thing which the great Spirit wants from each person individually, so that as soon as the body dies, the soul naturally goes back to God, except in certain cases, where it is claimed by evil spirits."

Here we are not told the native Ibo word for "Great Spirit," or "God." This is unfortunate. It appears, however, that by "Great Spirit" or "God," the native theologian meant Tsi, spoken of as "Supreme God," and "Creator." Into the original meaning of Tsi, which appears to be both "darkness" and "daylight" (p. 530), only accomplished linguists can follow Major Leonard's researches. I am reluctant to enter into theory, but it is plain that Major Leonard's hypothesis of the origin of the conception of Tsi will not hold water. He says: "There can be no doubt about it, that it was through them" (that is, through deified human ancestors); "that the god-idea originally evolved, and it was in this way that the origin of the human ancestors, connected and associated as they were with the human gods, was unconsciously traced back to the Supreme Generator or Creator" (p. 419). The "God-idea" is traced through "primeval adoration of the father in the flesh," combined, later, with belief in soul or spirit, whence rose the worship of the human father in the spirit, next, of certain deified ancestors, whence, with a blend of "the phallic principle," men "arrived at a worship of the Supreme God" (p. 68).

The manifest obstacle to this old theory is that in many respects corresponding beings to Tsi—for example supreme or superior beings to whom go the souls of the dead—occur among very low races, the natives of South East Australia and the Andamanese, who neither worship the human father in the flesh, nor worship ancestral spirits of known ancestors. I have stated these objections, with the evidence, in "The Making of Religion." Major Leonard has not understood my case, which (p. 85) he presents all wrong, while he prints what he supposes to be a statement of my ideas within inverted commas, as if it were a textual quotation. I cannot guess where he found his quotation; it reads like a summary by an unintelligent reviewer, and no reference is given to book and page of mine. A better statement will be found in Herr Ehrenreich's essay, "Götter und Heilbringer" in the last number of *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* (1906, Heft. iv. u. v.). Mr. J. G. Frazer will probably be surprised to hear that he "sees in the universal traditional worship of trees and plants the most primitive form of religion." I have not understood him in this sense, and Major Leonard gives no references. His is not a scientific method of dealing with theorists, and one returns, in search of facts, to his Ibo witness.

The soul, *after burial*, goes to the Creator, and "after it has been consulted or interviewed by him" (what is the Ibo word for "to interview"?) it is allowed, according to its taste, to remain for ever in spirit land, or to return to this world. Each soul hopes to meet his dead kinsfolk.

Here the statement of Odinaka Olisa, whose name means "Hand of God" (though Tsi is not apparently a component part of it), ceases, and we are told that burial is important, "for they are of opinion that it enables the soul to go to God," and that, if the body is unburied, other spirits boycott the soul. This is the view of the shadows of Patroclus and Elpenor in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The soul of the unburied man goes forth as a ghost, haunting houses, or takes the form of an animal.

Suicides are not buried, as a deterrent of self-murder, just as Aias, a suicide, is said, though not by Quintus Smyrnaeus, not to have been burned after his suicide. Homer was not of this opinion, for in his *Odyssey*, Aias is in Hades, where, unburned, he would not have been admitted. Individual or collective percipience of phantasms of the dead is so rare (that is in men who are not "witch doctors"), that Major Leonard only heard of two cases. Unluckily he gives no details, except that "both, curious to say, were in the afternoon." Why this is "curious" I know

not. As a rule phantasms of the dead are seen only in dreams: here we have the account of a native. He speaks just as Lucretius does of these dreams, and of the separability of the soul in sleep, but Lucretius insists on waking percipience of phantasms of the dead, whereas the native says, "Why we see souls only when we are asleep, and not when we are awake, we cannot tell." It is a mystery with "the Great Spirit that rules over all, and with the spirit fathers." There are re-incarnations of souls, "always in the same family."

It is not clear how "everlasting and inevitable Karma" can be part of native belief, as is asserted (p. 152), for a native writer, Izikewe, says that "we make no distinction between the good and the evil" (p. 186). "However good or however bad people are when they die, if they receive proper burial their souls will go up to the land of spirits, for there is no allotted locality of any kind." The next world is much like this: a mixture of good and evil, so many people who have had hard lives wish to go into inanimate objects (p. 221). Totemism, in so far as Major Leonard has observed it in the Niger delta, is animistic. The ancestral spirit, within the actual totem animal or other object, is that to which the delta natives trace their descent. They believe "that these objects were chosen by their ancestors as suitable and convenient objects to reside in. . . ." No such explanatory myth is known in Australia. Major Leonard believes that totemism, "regardless of locality or race, is nothing more than emblemism pure and simple, as it now exists among the tribes of the Niger Delta" (p. 297). Totemism "is but the selection by a clan, community or household of a symbol living or otherwise, to represent the ancestral soul" (p. 197). Totemism among the most undeveloped races lends no corroboration to this theory. Major Leonard's facts are much more valuable than his hypotheses, for example his case of "possession" (pp. 233-238), or of secondary personality, is most interesting to the psychologist. It is new to me that "Mr. Traill Taylor and others" have proved that "with the isolated aid of the camera, in conjunction with the magnetic emanation thrown off by the artist . . . it is possible for photography to obtain phantasmal impressions," while natives "may receive a distinct mental impression of the phantasma in question." This is most interesting, but no reference is given to records of Mr. Traill Taylor's experiments.

Want of space makes it impossible to examine Major Leonard's chapters on language, witchcraft, and tabu, with many other matters. We can only try to give a view of his method and results, and recommend the book, with the curious speculations on "the primitive philosophy of words," to the grateful consideration of students.

ANDREW LANG.

A WOMAN OF MARK

The Life of Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). By ANNA M. STODDART. (Murray, 18s. net.)

MISS STODDART has succeeded in the very difficult task of presenting in her biography a vivid portrait of her friend, Mrs. Bishop. Infinite tact is necessary to hold the balance between reckless eulogy, which is fatally uninteresting, and the blunt outspokenness which would offend. Miss Stoddart has done her work admirably and her Life is not only a tribute of affection, of intimate interest to those who knew Mrs. Bishop, it is also a well-written biography.

Miss Bird was born at Boroughbridge Hall in Yorkshire on October 15, 1831. Her father was a clergyman and came of a stock famous for upholding Causes, and she and her sister, Henrietta, were in contact with their leaders during all the second quarter of last century. Discipline was the order of that day: the modern cult of the child was not

dreamed of. The children stood all through the long Sunday service and Isabella with them, in spite of the spinal weakness which was in evidence then, and against which her resolute spirit fought during the whole of her lifetime. At the age of six she had said to a gentleman who was canvassing in his own interest and making pleasant speeches to little Henrietta: "Sir Malpas de Grey Tatton Egerton, did you tell my father my sister was so pretty because you wanted his vote?"; so that it is not at all surprising that at sixteen, when she was living at Birmingham, she wrote an argumentative pamphlet in favour of Protection. In 1853 she made her first journey through Canada and America. It is interesting to note that through her physical weakness—the journey was taken at the doctor's orders—she found her life's chief work, which was travelling. She was a fine example of one who "turned necessity to glorious gain." And so she continued her life; always active, always sought after, always in touch with people of interest. She travelled through China and Japan and Morocco, visiting places where no white woman had been—endowed with incredible endurance, recording carefully all that her wonderful gifts of observation showed her, avoiding no difficulty, turning back from no danger. And at home she was ceaselessly engaged in good work, erecting cabman's shelters, building hospitals, organising improvements for the slums, superintending her schemes of colonisation or lecturing about the strange people or strange plants she had seen upon her travels. But in all the busy stress of her life she found time for abiding friendships. Miss Stoddart brings out the gentle side of her nature by admirable little personal touches, which are of themselves attractive and light up by their quality the extraordinary strength of Mrs. Bishop's personality. She was eminently a capable woman, but she was more than that: she was a gentle woman.

Of course Miss Stoddart is exceptionally equipped for her work. She possesses the confidence coming from the knowledge that Mrs. Bishop personally asked her to write the Life, if a Life were needed: she possesses the quality of mind which is required to keep pace with Mrs. Bishop's manifold interests; the strong affection which enables her to understand and sympathise with them; and the experience which knows how to arrange the mass of material at her disposal, and to keep everything under control and in proportion. As biographer the one mistake which, in our opinion, Miss Stoddart is inclined to make is that she underlines the religious side of her subject's character. Not that she gives it in any way undue importance. That would not be possible. But religion is a person's very being: and a biographer who dwells, as Miss Stoddart is apt to dwell, on special moments of religious emotion, is liable to convey the impression that religion was not the vital mainspring, but of the nature of an observance, and that is the impression above all others that Miss Stoddart would least wish to convey. It is as though for a moment she thought of one small portion of the public who are interested in Mrs. Bishop, and to whom such passages would be pleasing, and forgot the main issue. But these passages are exceptional, and the momentary quivering of the balance serves to draw attention to its usual fine steadiness.

CRITICISM AND CRITICISM

Studies in Seven Arts. By ARTHUR SYMONS. (Constable, 8s. 6d. net.)

THERE are three kinds of critics of importance. The critic of the first order is a man of feeling, to use a faded phrase, in whom exquisiteness of taste is carried to the point of genius and transformed into the power of creation: the critic of the second order is either a philosopher with an extraordinary force of intellect who takes some province of the kingdom of art by violence, or a man of great learning with an uncommon versatility of mind who

invents some new method of criticism: the critic of the third order, to end our catalogue, is an admirable rhetorician with a gift for re-stating the sentiments and ideas of more original writers. Now, it is difficult to decide at first glance whether Mr. Symons is a critic of the first order or a critic of the third order. He himself does not seem to be certain of his own position, and his vacillation of mind is reflected in his vacillation between the two different ways of dealing with a subject.

Owing to his trick of taking as the text of many of his observations a remark by Pater, Baudelaire, or some other amateur of things of strange beauty, one is tempted to regard him as a man of rhetorical talent. His essay on Gustave Moreau in "Studies in Seven Arts," for instance, is little more than a glittering amplification of Rodin's saying that the French painter in question was only a great combiner of the ideas of other men. Criticism of this kind, that relies for its force on a reference to the dicta of some person of authority, Rodin or Sir Joshua, Baudelaire or Coleridge, is criticism of the third order. It is useful work in its way, and written in the picturesque and musical diction that Mr. Symons commands it is delightful work in its way, but it can be done by a man of common ability. The artistic temperament, to use another faded phrase, is not, in its many varieties, a rare endowment. It is a characteristic of every lover of fine literature. It is often manifested in a feeling for the beauty of art so vague and diffused that it can never discover for itself the things that it learns at last to relish with avidity. A critic with this sort of after-wit may sometimes appear to be wildly original, but his eccentricity is merely the reflection of an unusual course of reading. Perversely academic, he follows some strange leaders of taste in art and literature with that confidence in the infallibility of their judgment which only the delight and the relief at finding some novel and useful authority can provoke and sustain. Thereby he acquires a certain narrowness of view, and perhaps a certain compensating intensity of vision, while his sense of the particular kind of beauty which he has been taught to recognise may become at last quick and passionate; nevertheless he remains a critic of the third order.

This, as we have said, is what the author of "Studies in Seven Arts" seems sometimes to be. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Symons is a critic of the first order, whose only fault is that, in his last book especially, he has been too bold in one respect and too timid in another. As he showed in some of the essays in "Studies in Prose and Verse," he is a student of the exquisite and lovely things of man's making, with a poignant and individual sense of the delicacies of fine literature. At his best, he practises criticism as an art, as an art by means of which a writer of taste and feeling recreates in the mind of his readers the precise emotion of joy excited in him by the contemplation of some beautiful work. This is the highest sort of criticism, the criticism of a creative kind in which Lamb and Hazlitt excelled. Examples of it occur in "Studies in Seven Arts," but more rarely than in "Studies in Prose and Verse." In his last book Mr. Symons has adventured in search of new sensations and new moods into unfamiliar fields of art, where he has occasionally lost confidence in himself and followed the advice of every person of authority he chanced to encounter. When he confides in his own faculty of insight he is still an admirable interpreter of the eternal miracles of beauty: when he mistrusts his own powers he becomes merely a conscientious student of the opinions of other men. No doubt it is a profitable experience to wander in the artificial paradises that Baudelaire, Pater, and Mallarmé have built for themselves; but every man of genius must frame in his turn a world of imagination of his own: the poet of genius out of his impressions of nature: the critic of genius out of his impressions of art. Criticism distilled from criticism is wanting in life and personality: it is a branch of the dead sciences.

IN ERIN'S ISLE

The Fair Hills of Ireland. By STEPHEN GWYNN. With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. (Dublin: Maunsell; London: Macmillan, 6s.)

"SURE this is blessed Erin"—and Mr. Stephen Gwynn. And Mr. Gwynn is a lover of his country, and a blithe singer of her charms. But he loves old age better than youth, and we are inclined to quarrel a little with his point of view. His song is of her past; yet age cannot wither her, and he forgets her perennial juvenility.

Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of her kine and the calves in her fields,
And the sunlight that fell long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels on the fair Hills of Eire, O!

sang Red Donough Macnamara. Like Red Donough's lyric, whence it borrows its title, Mr. Gwynn's book is in praise of Ireland. The difference is at once apparent: to the poet the kine and the calves and the sunlight on the hills and the sea were the things that mattered; to Mr. Gwynn it is the Gaels—or their historical or legendary equivalent. That Mr. Gwynn appreciates the kine and the calves and the sunlight on the hills and the sea which appeal to the poet, no one who has read his "Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim" will deny; but beyond appreciation he never goes. They do not call to him, they never move him to emotion, they seem never to have cast a spell over him. He knows that they are beautiful because, being a man of letters, he knows the poets; but their beauty leaves him cold. He tells us of the sidhe and the fairies dispassionately: we feel that he has never seen them dancing on the rath o' nights, or caught the glint of their small red jackets fitting hither and thither in the moonlight, or pursued the leprechaun for the phantom gold upon his back.

The silence that is in the starry skies,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills

have no message for him. He lacks imagination, and so the secrets of the brown old earth have never been revealed to him.

Sure maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there's a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea . . .

Sure maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
And he tells it in one sweet way.

We are a little angry because Mr. Gwynn does not understand. He can wander round the north coast and pass the Head of Garron in early spring, when the slopes, rising hundreds of feet almost sheer from the road beneath, are ablaze with the yellow of mile upon mile of primroses, when the valley leading up into Glenariff is carpeted with the starry windflower, and the dewdrops hang glistening like shaken silver from the boughs overhead, yet he sees it all without enthusiasm, his mind absorbed in the doings of MacUillín's galloglaghs back at Dunluce. The black-faced sheep cease cropping the bare herbage on the mountain-side and raise their heads inquisitively, the wind rises, a mist drifts over, and Garron Tower emerges a very palace of faeryland, suspended in mid-air; but Mr. Gwynn is thinking of the salmon-fishing away in dear Donegal.

Yet, as we have said, he is a lover of his country, and a blithe singer of her charms. Our quarrel with him is that he does not sing of the fair hills at all. His song is of Fionn MacCumhail and Diarmuid and Gráinne: of the Ireland that was thousands of years ago, and of the Ireland that never has been save in the minds of her imaginative sons of generations long past but never to be

forgotten. And he sings his song of love and war so charmingly, and with such sympathy and intuitive understanding, that it seems ungenerous to complain that his book is not what its title implies. Let us confess that we speedily forgot our sense of disappointment in the glamour of his pages. He lacks imagination, but a legend or a fact once heard is never forgotten, and of almost every place we have known and loved he has something to tell us that we did not know before, or some fading memory to revive. His book has already found its place upon our shelves beside the heroic romances of Ireland, and it is destined to be re-read not once but many times. It is a book which every Englishman who has the least desire to know anything of Ireland should buy. Some day Mr. Gwynn may "take to the hills" and the promise of his title-page may be fulfilled. It remains to add that Mr. Thomson's illustrations are—Mr. Thomson's.

THE CAGED WHIRLWIND

Napoleon's Last Voyages. Being the Diaries of Admiral Sir THOMAS USSHER, R.N., K.C.B. (on board the *Undaunted*), and JOHN R. GLOVER, Secretary to Rear-Admiral Cockburn (on board the *Northumberland*). With introduction and notes by J. HOLLAND ROSE. (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN 1895 a storm in a teacup raged about the *Undaunted* and the *Northumberland*. It was the year when Mr. Fisher Unwin published these records in a volume which, by an omission of bibliographical detail, tempted reviewers to thrill 1895 with the "finds" of 1840 and 1833. One reviewer with marvellous insight discovered the reason for the reticence which he condemned: not satisfied with a Latin motto for his title-pages, Mr. Unwin secretly thrived on a wicked precept of Thucydides! That reviewer will be inclined to "take it all back" when he gazes on the volume before us, which, if less portly, might be described as a feather in his cap. It is annotated, illustrated, indexed and confessed—if the word may serve us—in a manner which disarms criticism.

These interesting records exhibit a genius who survived himself and became commonplace to escape the sensation of the grave. Any one who has seen Cruikshank's vile caricature with viler verses, published on May 5, 1814, entitled "Boney's Elb(a)ow Chair," will realise the psychic impossibility of Napoleon's position after the Treaty of Fontainebleau. Any one who reflects that the wife of the ex-governor of St. Helena could remain six months on the same small island as Napoleon and quit it without troubling to see him, can imagine that "la politique de Longwood," however lively, failed to convince Napoleon that he lived.

There was plenty of good talk in the "homme mort," and it was readily forthcoming, as those "Miss Balcombes," whose "every possible question" Napoleon answered "without the slightest possible reserve," found at St. Helena. These romps gave us, alas! no record of their playfellow in blindman's buff, who was to them but "Boney" and a living French Exercise. But Thomas Ussher and John R. Glover, secretary and "ghost" (we infer) to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, realised the literary chance of their lives, though Ussher unfortunately did not record the anecdotes which Napoleon related to him of his boyhood. With Ussher Napoleon doubtless felt at ease. This officer had been wounded and captured by the French, and though worthy to be named with Nelson for coolness and courage, admired Napoleon greatly and possessed so much tact that he chatted with his charge about the Walcheren expedition. Ussher observed the Emperor and Sovereign of the island of Elba not only as the self-styled "homme mort" but as philosopher.

He spoke of his intention of taking possession of Pianosa, a small island, without inhabitants, about ten miles from Elba. He said: "All Europe will say that I have already made a conquest." Already he had plans in agitation for conveying water from the mountains to the city.

Unfortunately Napoleon's Lilliput was an island and its liquid boundaries being all visible from one hill, he found that he could see his whole empire in two *coups d'œil*. On that hill was a chapel. "Some one remarked that it would require more than common devotion to induce persons to attend service there. 'Yes, yes; the priest can say as much nonsense as he wishes.'" Thus did Napoleon, at a moment of humiliation, his new empire having been revealed to him as a toy, disclose the freedom from religious veneration which made his bond less reliable than another man's word.

The voyage to St. Helena saw him under the observation of colder eyes than Ussher's. To John R. Glover he was "the Scourge of Mankind"; but his status was officially only that of an unemployed general. It was noticed now that he used his fingers instead of a fork; Ussher had only noticed that he dined. Glover has the meanness or regard for historic minuteness to note that Napoleon on one occasion was piqued because British heads were not uncovered to his fallen majesty. He also makes an instance of Napoleon's rudeness to Mme. Bertrand much worse by calling her his "favourite" when as a matter of fact he did not like her because she had "spasmodic ways" and endeavoured to dissuade her husband from sharing his exile.

But though Napoleon was in a chilly atmosphere on board the *Northumberland*, he conversed much of his own affairs, not omitting Josephine and Maria Louisa. He represented the Queen of Naples as saying of Maria Louisa, after an acknowledgment from the latter that she really liked him:

"My child, when one has the happiness to be married to such a man papas and mamas should not keep one away from him whilst there are windows and sheets by which an escape to him might be effected."

This, said for the ears of an admiral who disapproved of Sunday card-playing—to say nothing of Napoleon's other delinquencies—was true humour. The day after Napoleon had told the anecdote of the Queen of Naples he expatiated to the admiral on his becoming a Musselman when in Egypt. The faithful expressly permitted him and his followers to drink wine, "provided that on opening every bottle they would determine to do some good action."

Perhaps Napoleon's most important verbal contribution to history on the *Northumberland* was the avowal that he was responsible for the death of the Duke D'Enghien—an avowal which was accompanied by the opinion that the fact that this nobleman was taken from the territory of the Duke of Baden was not a reason why his life should have been spared. A few days after the chat about the Duke D'Enghien the English passengers were amusing themselves by "surveying the stupendous barren cliffs of St. Helena, whose terrific appearance seemed to but ill accord with the feelings of our guest."

To appreciate the misery awaiting Napoleon in that island it would indeed be idle to discuss the question whether rats or white ants annoyed him at Longwood, though we are sure they did not.

Cannon his name,
Cannon his voice, he came.
Who heard of him heard shaken hills.

"Cannon he came," but cannon or no cannon, he went to Beadledom.

NEWMAN AND SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Newman, Pascal, Loisy and the Catholic Church. By W. J. WILLIAMS. (Francis Griffiths, 6s.)

Newman. Essai de biographie psychologique. Par HENRI BREMOND. (Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.)

THE strong feature of Mr. Williams's book is its advocacy of the "relative infallibility" of the organic, as against the individual, reason. Others, notably Hegel and Comte,

have developed a similar line of thought. Individual thinkers are, like coral-insects, all working piecemeal on a plan, are engaged in elaborating an Idea which is too wide for them to grasp, which indeed is never fully realised except in the Absolute.

Mr. Williams finds this idea in Newman's theory of development. The Catholic Church represents this process more fully and systematically than any existing organisation. From one point of view it is no more than a symbol of the process, owing to the narrowness and exclusiveness of its authorities. But, while its wonderful unity, continuity and power of assimilation mark it as the symbol of this age-long process in humanity, it is far more than a symbol, inasmuch as it contains within itself the actual results of the past and therefore the potentialities of the future. The narrow action of authority may suppress, in the present, the manifestations of this developing principle, but cannot destroy it, for it is really the world-process, the movement of Humanity towards a universal synthesis, of which the main elements are religious and moral, in the only organised, continuous and international society which exists. Other forms of Christianity are stamped with the marks of individualism and parochialism. If, then, Humanity is, in the future, to realise and embody in itself the common Idea, the unity of standpoint towards which history indicates it as working, the actual, living synthesis which has been already achieved must form its germ and rallying-point. Even if we grant the writer this much (and he certainly makes a very strong case for his position), yet it must be pointed out that he seems somewhat to underestimate the strength of the reactionary spirit in the Church, and the debt it owes to outside bodies since the "Reformation." For instance, though he rightly claims Simon as the pioneer of Biblical criticism, there is no such vital connection as he finds between him and other enlightened Catholics down to Loisy. They stand isolated and apart, condemned by the authorities of their Church. He does not seem to realise how utterly the principles of Simon were suppressed, so that, apart from the vigorous stimulus of German Protestantism, there would have been no resurrection. He does recognise this after a fashion, but not adequately. He admits, but grudgingly and by the way, the debt of Loisy to German criticism. He does not explicitly recognise that, even if Catholicism be taken as offering the only consistent and positive basis for a future synthesis, the analytical work of Protestantism is equally necessary to it.

To turn to another point. A short treatise of this kind must doubtless make philosophical and psychological assumptions which it must leave unanalysed. Yet there are some so vital to Mr. Williams's thesis that it is really unfortunate that he could not see his way to enlarge his book by a couple of chapters, so as to give them at least some brief consideration. These are the questions of the real value and meaning of "the religious sense" and the actual significance of dogma. He alludes, indeed, to these questions, as was inevitable, but so briefly and cursorily that he does not even make clear his own position. He apparently accepts dogma in the "symbolic" sense, but, without further explanation, this may mean much or little. The sense in which Newman accepted it was certainly very different, so far as can be gathered, from that of Mr. Williams. Not that Newman's mind was essentially narrow, but, owing to his environment, he never quite freed himself from the constraint of the convert who, taking as his motto—"Credo quia impossibile"—thinks it the most necessary part of humility and what M. Bremond calls his "intellectual asceticism" to bring all his thoughts into subjection to what he conceives to be the "living voice of the Church"—i.e., the narrow and antiquated interpretations of dogma which her authorities attempt to enforce upon the Catholic conscience.

Mr. Williams is a liberal theologian: Cardinal Newman

hated liberalism in theology, and that, because, *pace* Mr. Williams, he distrusted reason. As regards this latter point our author ingeniously defends Newman on the ground that the mechanical reason does constantly go wrong, owing, as Newman contended, to its being supplied with false premisses. But why should Newman have assumed that those of theology were necessarily right? One of the most important functions of reason is to analyse its premisses. This is just what, except with arbitrarily fixed limitations, Newman would not do.

This writer apparently fathers the whole of his broad philosophy upon Newman. But it is in Newman, as in the Catholic Church, more *in posse* than *in esse*, more implicit than explicit. Mr. Williams's book, though his ideas are good in themselves and well worked out, is, for this reason, very misleading so far as it claims to give an account of Newman's thought.

No doubt, in his "Development" and in the "Grammar," Newman did what no one but himself could have done, in indicating a broad philosophical basis for the future progress of ideas. But even here, in the "Development," it is strange that our author does not seem to realise the effect of modern historical criticism upon Newman's *a priori* "tests," as from his own standpoint he certainly might have been expected to do. Not that it has entirely destroyed their value, since, in some shape or other, they must remain as the categories which are contained in the very idea of organic development. But it has so widened their scope and altered their content that, in Newman's sense at least, they are no longer tenable. And, for that reason, they can no longer be used to determine *a priori* the difference between corruptions and true developments, since, on the contrary, it is they themselves whose meaning is determined by the actual facts of history, and also because, from the organic point of view, the development must be regarded as one whole and not in the abstraction of its details. In short, what we reach finally is the historical determinism of Harnack and of Loisy, the difference of value which they respectively assign to the facts depending upon their ideal and subjective standpoint.

The value of Newman's theory consisted mainly in its ingenious reconciliation of the old view of an absolute revelation with the facts of history, in providing a bridge over the gulf between mediæval and present-day thought. It was an *argumentum ad hominem* against the hard-and-fast views of Protestant and Catholic theologians of the day. If Mr. Williams had considered it from this point of view, he would have been far nearer the mark than in defending the *a priori* "tests" against Dr. Fairbairn, or quietly claiming them as truly representing his own philosophy.

In Loisy we have passed the transitional period and have reached an idea of development which is at once historical and scientific. Yet Mr. Williams seems altogether to blur, or, at least, to ignore this distinction.

Another considerable blot on his valuable work is that he is continually ascribing certain opinions or sayings to Newman without quoting his words, or without giving references where he professes to be quoting him.

Quite the opposite of this is the method of M. Bremond, a large proportion of whose book consists of extracts from Newman, with the references given below. Students may disagree with certain details of his interpretation of Newman's mind, but, at least, the method is sound and far more empirical and objective, as a study of Newman, than Mr. Williams's own, though Mr. Williams places the advocacy of empiricism in the very forefront of his work. M. Bremond claims no finality for his interpretations, but acknowledges Newman to be an unsolved mystery. Such, indeed, to a great extent, he is, and it must be said that M. Bremond's effort towards the solution of that mystery is not only most careful and painstaking but affords lively and interesting reading. We understand that his work is shortly to be published in English.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Vol. ii. Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.)

WE are glad to welcome the second volume of Professor Saintsbury's admirable *corpus* of the "minor" poetry of the Caroline Age, and we note with pleasure that the original scheme of two volumes is to be expanded into three. The present instalment contains Marmion's "Legend of Cupid and Psyche," Kynaston's "Leoline and Sydanis," and his "Cynthiades, or Amorous Sonnets," John Hall's poems, those of Sidney Godolphin and Philip Ayres, Chalkhill's "Thealma and Clearchus," the poems of Patrick Carey and William Hammond, and Bosworth's "Arcadius and Sepha." There are more authors but fewer pages than in the first volume, and the method of editing is, of course, the same. We should like especially to draw attention to the section containing the poems of Sidney Godolphin, now first collected. Many of Godolphin's poems are here printed for the first time from manuscript, and it is a great boon to students of seventeenth-century literature to have them side by side with their almost equally rare, though previously printed, companions, the poems of Kynaston and his peers. Professor Saintsbury's notes are, it need hardly be said, good reading: they are sane and suggestive, and he is, happily, but slightly bitten with the craze for emendation. Of course, he is a heretic in the matter of modernising his spelling: a note on p. 540, on "the extreme futility of preserving original spelling," because one line gives "imbrac't" and the next "embrac't," shows that Professor Saintsbury has not fallen under the spell of inconsistency in spelling, so refreshing in these cast-iron days, although earlier (on p. 272) he uses the happy phrase "liberal in its spelling," which would seem to hint that, in his heart, he is not so much of a heretic after all.

The volume is embellished with several facsimiles of title-pages and illustrations; it and its companion give the student texts not obtainable in any other form; and we will but add that we wish the publishers had devised a format less calculated to make the reader's arms ache.

Sea Songs and Ballads. Selected by CHRISTOPHER STONE, (Frowde, 2s. 6d.)

TO Mr. C. Stone's selection of verse relating to the sea, Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge has supplied an excellent introduction, in which he points out that we should have to go back to a remote period in order to reach the days when British sailors had a set of folk-songs, which they alone cared to listen to or to sing, and regrets the disuse of the "Fore-bitter"—as the folk-song was called, owing to the circumstance that the singer's stage or rostrum was usually the fore-bitts—explaining how it was gradually superseded by Dibdin's songs and airs and more recently by importations from the music-halls. We are not quite sure which among the songs in this collection we are to accept as the typical fore-bitter, but no doubt several are included. Certainly among the variety which Mr. Stone has brought together there are not a few that will please both the seaman and the landsman. As Sir Cyprian Bridge says, the collection is a sort of rapid epitome of our maritime history for some five hundred years:

In it are brought before us the ill-defined distinction between the war and the mercantile fleets of early days; the risks of the peaceful trader from other foes besides the storm and the shoal; the ill-requited labours of the sailor; the perils to which his calling specially exposed him; his conflicts with opponents as gallant as himself; his love of country; his triumphs over its enemies. Besides this, we can learn something about the sailor's private life. The picture is exaggerated, to be sure, but it is not all untrue. We see at least something of the way in which he spent his few hours of leisure afloat and shore. We learn a little about those who were, or professed to be, his friends: and, although in reality he may be caricatured, some of his real qualities are brought to our knowledge.

Nearly all the songs in this selection were written before Trafalgar, and although a very satisfactory reason is given for not following closely the chronological order, we regret that the editor did not add the dates where it was possible. The earliest song of all is taken from a manuscript in the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has been printed by the Early English Text Society. Admiral Bridge remarks of several of the phrases that they are still extant, and we may quote two verses:

Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may pley thereon;
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,
Or hit be full mydnyght.

Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete!
Cooke, make redy anon our mete,
Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
I pray God yeve hem rest.

This song was apparently written by a seaman on board a passenger steamer carrying pilgrims to Compostella. Of a different nature is a later one which Admiral Bridge believes to be founded on a genuine fore-bitter. It has for title "The Praise of Saylor's Here set Forth, with the Hard Fortunes which do befall them on the Seas, when landmen sleep in their beds." The following verse, with little alteration, will be very familiar to many seamen:

When as the raging Seas do fome,
and lofty winds do blow,
The Saylor's they go to the top,
when Landmen stay below.

But we might pick gems from almost every page. The little volume should have a very large circulation and nowhere will be more heartily welcomed than on the mess decks of our warships. We have nothing but praise for the scholarly notes and the attractive form of the volume.

Lithgow's Rare Adventures. (Glasgow: MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net.)

WILLIAM LITHGOW, the eldest son of James Lithgow, Burgess of Lanark, was, according to the publisher's note, born about 1582, according to Sir Walter Scott was "bred a tailor," and according to himself started on his peregrinations "in the stripling age of mine adolescence." His wanderings lasted on and off some nineteen years, during which he visited most parts of Europe and various places in Asia and Africa, his career narrowly escaping summary termination at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition. In "three deare-bought voyages," he says, his "goings, traversings and returnings, through Kingdomes, Continents and llands, which my paynefull feet traced over (besides my passages of Seas and Rivers), amounted to thirty-six thousand and odde miles, which draweth neare to twice the circumference of the whole Earth." It is a record of the most varied and often diverting character, written with a spirit and in a style which should ensure a large sale for the reprint before us. In dedicating his work "to the High and Mighty Monarch Charles," Lithgow points out that "the Generall Discourse it selfe, is most fixed upon the Lawes, Religion, Manners, Policies and Government of Kings, Kingdomes, People, Principalities and Powers," and that is the best short description which can be given of this most instructive chronicle. His pictures of Constantinople, Cairo, Jerusalem and Fez are as vivid a presentment of the characteristics of those cities as the most expert of latter-day tourist-journalists could hope to furnish. Dr. Margoliouth possibly might not endorse Lithgow's vigorous denunciation of Mahomet—"deceitfull, variant and fraudulent as may appeare in his Satanicall Fables, expressed in his Alcoran"—and of necessity much that he reported was only hearsay. There was, however, a vast deal more that he saw with his own eyes. Of the reality of his adventures his "martyred anatomy" as exposed to the King after his escape from the tortures of Malaga was sufficiently eloquent proof. The King sent

him at his own expense to Bath and he recovered health, "although my left Arm and crushed bones be incurable." Unfortunately, there being no hope of redress from Spain, Lithgow must needs assault Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, whose promises were lightly broken, and he was sent to the Marshalsea. He afterwards spent some years in Scotland and in 1632 he published the collected edition of his travels, from which the present admirable edition is a reprint. He wrote other books—the last was published in 1645—but what became of him ultimately is apparently unknown.

English Furniture and Furniture Makers of the Eighteenth Century. By R. S. CLOUSTON. (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d. net.)

So many excellent books have been written on this now widely appreciated subject that one would hardly expect much new light on the

Many things divinely done
By Chippendale and Sheraton

and the large number of excellent cabinet-makers, more or less closely connected with these names; but the author feels that there are revolutionary views to be put forward and fresh facts from which new deductions can be obtained. Apart, however, from the pride of original research, which is here somewhat over-estimated, the volume offers to all students of the arts of the eighteenth century home a pleasing magazine of knowledge. To the sociologist the furniture used in any modern period is as important as the clothes worn or the food consumed. For such an inquiry the present volume can be freely recommended, for all sources of information now open have been drawn upon by the author, who pursues with indefatigable skill the history of a curve of a chairback or the nice conduct of a Pergolesi decoration. The delightful work of the period in furniture is reviewed with excellent discretion and acute criticism, the chapters on Robert Adam being especially well worth notice; and the particulars of the lesser men—Ince and Mayhew, Manwaring, Lock, Shearer, and so forth—will no doubt be new to many readers. A few years ago we would have welcomed the illustrations, but the admirable photographs reproduced in half a dozen recent books on the subject have spoilt us for the somewhat worn and familiar blocks now employed.

The Complete Photographer. By R. CHILD BAYLEY. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

WITH an admirable sense of proportion, Mr. Bayley divides his subject into its historical, technical, pictorial and social aspects, and over the wide range of his material he skims with graceful ease. The completeness of his book, however, lies more in the fact that scarcely a single point is left untouched, than that any particular point is exhaustively treated; and in this respect the work, admittedly, does not challenge comparison with cheaper specialised brochures already on the market. Mr. Bayley gives but few formulæ, and in the discussion of processes chats with, rather than instructs, his reader. His chapter on lenses would be scarcely comprehensible to one absolutely fresh to the subject, and in the whole book there seems to be no mention whatever of the anachromatic lens, for which recent pictorial claims have been made and maintained. Similarly, under the heading of colour-photography, the name of Lippmann is introduced and dismissed in three and a half pages, whilst Sir William Abney is allowed more than four in which to dilate upon his particular system of projecting upon a screen three separate colour-images which coincide to make a coloured picture. The only real and true colour-photography that has yet been discovered is that of Lippmann, which gives at one operation a fully-coloured view upon a single plate. The fact that, so far, this perfect colour-photography has not been able to lend itself to commercial ends is no excuse for the author's silence

upon its characteristics and the details of its discovery and manipulation. Miss Acland, the Brothers Lumière, and Mr. Sanger Shepherd are all dismissed with the scantiest mention. Much of this misadjustment is obviously due to the author's attitude towards his task. He has feared to make his book dry and stodgy, and has therefore approached it with a light heart and a freedom from anxiety which result merely in four hundred and twenty-six ample pages on how photography, past, present and to come, strikes Mr. Child Bayley. As a delightful picture-book it will find many admirers. All the illustrations—there are over a hundred—are selected from the best pictorial work of the past and particularly of the last few years. We are glad to find Mr. William Crooke's magnificent "Zuleika" among the chosen; it is a beautiful head which recent attempts by other workers have not surpassed. Of many good pictures it would be invidious to mention a few; but it may safely be said that their praiseworthy selection and adequate printing will give the book a great value, and create a better status for pictorial photographs than is supplied by ephemeral magazines.

Links in My Life on Land and Sea. By Captain G.W. GAMBIER. (Unwin, 15s. net.)

CAPTAIN GAMBIER is a typical naval officer—at one moment outspoken almost to the point of offensiveness, at another diplomatic and reticent; quick-tempered on occasion, but always ready to forgive and sometimes ready to forget—and his memoirs have this merit, that they are always entertaining. To read his book is to imagine oneself in the privacy of Captain Gambier's smoking-room, listening to very pleasant after-dinner gossip. A career full of adventure began in the Baltic fleet during the Crimean War, and subsequently our author journeyed, in different capacities, to Norfolk Island (of his reception in which he gives a delightful account), Rio de Janeiro, Egypt, Cyprus, New Zealand, the Andaman Islands, New Caledonia, China, Japan, and other places, acting after his retirement as *Times* correspondent in the Russo-Turkish War. There are almost as many good stories in his book as there are epithets. After a characteristic comment on the "monstrous cupidity," the "incompetence," etc., of Hobart Pasha, Captain Gambier proceeds to justify the former charge by an amusing anecdote. Having been invited to visit the Turkish Admiral on his yacht, "knowing what to expect at his table":

I took the precaution [he says] of sending some very good claret on board for our joint messing, which, if I remember right, was to cost me £2 a day. . . . At our midday breakfast Hobart's steward gave me some execrable claret—absolutely poisonous—and I naturally requested him to bring me some of my own.

"Oh," said the man, with a gentle chuckle, "His Excellency the Pasha ordered me to take your three cases up to his house last night, and bring off this."

And Captain Gambier had to drink the poison. "Charlatan" and "windbag" were two of the mildest epithets which follow. On board a steamer in which our author and other war correspondents travelled from Trieste to Constantinople, the story was circulated by an American that an unknown passenger—who proved to be Earl Minto—was a linendraper:

I have often made mistakes like this [says Captain Gambier], notably when once I took the Duke of Somerset—then first Lord of the Admiralty—for the dockyard rat-catcher. The Duke had strolled on board my ship, the *Sylvia*—then in dock—during the men's dinner-hour, and came up and asked me to say he wished to see the Captain.

"Nonsense!" I said, "you can't see the Captain about your job. Be off!"

He remained quite undisturbed, and said, "Will you kindly inform him that the Duke of Somerset wishes to see him?"

Then Captain Gambier discovered that he was not a rat-catcher. Lack of space prevents our quoting many similar anecdotes to be found in these pages, and we must leave the reader to discover them for himself.

CHRISTMAS AT CAIRO

HERE all goes on as if His Name
 The city scarcely knew,
 Its tide of business flows the same,
 No sign of Him in view.

Yet as I walk the busy street,
 So secular and strange,
 The very stones beneath my feet
 Dissolve away and change;

The buildings and the men around
 Dim and unreal seem,
 And on the breeze there comes a sound
 Of bells, as in a dream.

Familiar faces meet my eye,
 Friends smile to me and speak,
 As through the village they and I
 The old stone portal seek.

And borne upon the Spirit's wing
 I kneel on Christian earth,
 And hear the Christmas Hymn they sing
 In church at Kenilworth.

W. H. D.

A WHITE NIGHT

SOFT as palest petals of cherry-blossom
 Slowly drifted earthward by Maytime breezes,
 Came last night our Lady of Snow's handmaidens,
 Bidden to greet me.

Fancies fair and frail as themselves they brought me,
 Tender thoughts too shy for the Day's possessing;
 Hopes more sweet and strange than a dreamland vision
 Came with their coming.

ANGELA GORDON.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

XIII. SYMBOLISM

It is curious how little the common mind realises that it thinks (and must think) through pictures, and that it uses symbols—which are only "figures of the true"—in almost every sentence it makes use of, or constructs. But so it is. All educated persons know that language is an imperfect medium for the expression of thought, or the conveyance of ideas from one mind to another; and that, in consequence, all human speech is a mosaic inlaid with metaphor. We describe our mental states in terms of the physical world, and we invariably characterise that world in terms fetched from our own consciousness. We speak of hard times, of a bright idea, of a sweet tune, an acute remark, a clear proof, a keen thinker, and so on; where all our adjectives describing what is mental are

drawn from the material world. When we say of a human soul that it is candid, or sincere, we use terms the former of which takes us back to the custom of presenting applicants for office in white robes, and the latter to the possession of pure honey without wax. Conversely, when we say the sea roars, the wind whispers, the lake sleeps, etc., we describe the outward world in terms of the inner. All that is obvious enough: but it is not so easily seen that in no case can we find any descriptive term that is an exact mirror of the thing we wish to characterise. All our words are imperfect; and, therefore, all our definitions—however nearly they approach to accuracy—are of necessity incomplete.

It is one of the aims of philosophy to enable us to escape from the fetters of symbolic thought and allegoric speech; to break for us the shells of metaphor that we may get at the kernel of truth; but at the same time to use our symbols and metaphors wisely, for we cannot dispense with them. And this almost universal habit of describing the two realms of mind and matter, each in terms of the other, may perhaps be taken as an indirect proof that they are kindred at the core; and that a monism, of which we are not usually conscious, underlies their dualism. Of that unity we are at times aware (although it reaches us as an apocalypse), else we would not make use of the terms which suggest it. When we realise the harmony of opposites which exists within us and around, our recognition of the abiding unity is real, although it comes and goes; and it is perhaps our inability to comprehend it continuously as a whole that leads us to adopt a dualistic mode of speech, so subtle as well as evanescent is the sense of unity.

But is it not the case that we all have—or may have—apocalyptic visions of what transcends the common consciousness, and momentary glimpses of what it is impossible to express in words? We become transcendentalists, and then know what it is to be face to face with the innermost reality of things, beneath all show and semblance. At such times the poet and the musician speak to us, while the philosopher is silent. The latter knows that the visions which his friends behold will pass, that the curtain will fall, and silence supervene; but he acquiesces gladly, for he has learned the advantage to all mankind, of seeing through a glass darkly, of using symbols, of speaking in parables, and rejoicing in them as "figures of the true." Is it not so, as a matter of experience? We all have times of clear vision, followed by a misty outlook. Our perceptions of reality are succeeded by times in which neither sun, nor moon, nor stars are visible. We realise, we know, that we are "one with the Infinite," and soon afterwards we seem to ourselves a mere bundle of contradictions and commonplaces; and the entire race to which we belong a collection of atoms. Such is the rise and the fall of the tide within us, the comings and the goings of experience!

But they may perhaps be explained by the action and reaction of the two realms already referred to—that of mind, and of matter—and, in consequence, the necessary use of symbolic thought, of metaphoric speech, and parabolic utterance. Without adopting Goethe's way of putting it,

Name is but sound and smoke
 Shrouding the glow of Heaven,

may not every one of us make the freest possible use of allegoric terms, realising that they are all symbolic, and try to overcome the defects of each by the subsequent use of others? Even the loftiest of them is sure to mislead, if we confine ourselves to it alone. For example, we speak of the Infinite Being as King, Judge, and Father; but, if we do not drop the metaphor from the mind after using it, or in the very act of using it, we narrow the fulness of that which, in its limitation, it is intended partially to disclose.

It is a noteworthy fact—but one not always remembered—that the greatest truths that have moved the

world, and been epoch-making in consequence, have always reached it clothed in metaphor, draped with symbolism; that they have been presented to mankind, and been by mankind adopted, not only associated with—but through the very medium of—pictures which reflected the *zeitgeist*, that is to say the transient notions, or passing spirit of their age. All esoteric truth has come into the world of necessity wrapped up in an exoteric; and this not for the sake of the many, the illiterate, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," the "dim common populations," but for the sake of the most highly educated and the farthest-seeing as well. The vision of the latter would soon fade, if they had always to walk by the light of "pure reason" along the avenues of demonstration. No sage or prophet has ever been able to dispense with metaphor, and the wisest of them have been thankful for parables. Although they all see through them and beyond them, they—as well as the many of mankind—are safeguarded by means of them.

Allegory is not history, and there is of necessity much of the former in all revelation from whatsoever source it comes. But only think of a Revelation as to the Infinite entering the world like the propositions of Euclid! What could the world make of it? How could a set of algebraic formulæ ever lay hold of the heart of man?

A question may be put in closing, viz., what is the abiding value of Symbolism in Art? And why is it higher and deeper than realistic or photographic Art can ever be? It is surely not because of what it discloses, but of what it suggests. The landscape art of Turner, of Alfred Hunt, and of some on whom their mantle has fallen, the symbolic figure-painting of François Millet, and George Frederick Watts, have the supremacy—the higher vision, and the wider range—because of what they hint at, and do not attempt to explore. Like consummate stylists, and the great teacher-poets, they move us most by what they leave unexpressed, by taking us to the entrance-door of "the house called beautiful," and leaving us there to enter in ourselves, alone.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE POETRY OF CHRISTMAS

APART from the numerous carols which are associated with the Christmas festival, and which sprang directly from its liturgical and dramatic celebrations, poetry in this country has hardly done justice to Christmas. Indeed it is in the carols that we must look for an expression of some of the associations of Christmas—the mirthful joy, the overflowing of kindness, the contrast of indoors and out-of-doors, the cheerful fire, the hospitable board, the kindly greetings, and without, the wind howling in the pines, the driving snow, the voices of the storm. Our poets have dwelt principally on the devotional and doctrinal aspects of the festival, while not omitting its mirth and jollity. Of the former, none has ever surpassed Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," with the full-blast of its magnificent organ music, its exquisite cadences, its almost daring application of pagan ideas to the Christ. What a power of imaginative skill is in the verses telling of the defeated gods, followed by the last stanza with its suggestion of peace and quietude:

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Exquisite, too, is the stanza in which allusion is made to the voice heard crying "Great Pan is dead," when Christ was born. Earlier than Milton, Giles Fletcher had told how "the cursed oracles were stricken dumb" in that section of his poem on "Christ's Victory and Triumph"

which deals with the Nativity. His verses are nobly conceived, and have a majestic opening:

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awak'd all his eyes
To see another sun at midnight rise?

Earlier than either, Southwell wrote a poem, "The Burning Babe," which Ben Jonson wished he had written. The poet has a vision on a hoary winter's night as he stands shivering in the snow, of "a pretty Babe, all burning bright." Love is the fire with which He burns, yet, he complains, "none approach to warm their hearts" at His fire. The poem expresses the doctrine of Christmas in a series of quaint conceits, with which also, a century later, George Herbert filled his sonnet on Christmas. The poet rides up to an inn tired of the search for pleasures:

Then when I came, whom found I but my deare,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to Him, readie there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief.

And he prays that as Christ was born among the beasts of the stall, "To man, of all beasts, be not Thou a stranger." The pendant verses to the sonnet, "The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?" are equally quaint and form a fair specimen of the attractive high church pietism of the seventeenth century.

Herrick returns over and over again to the subject of the Nativity, but not always with the same feeling of dignity. His "Christmas Carol, sung to the King in the Presence at Whitehall" is indeed worthy of the subject and the occasion. Christ's coming has turned December to May, and "all things here seem like the spring-time of the year." The musical part was composed by Mr. Henry Lawes, a note to the poem tells us, and as we read the poem we seem to catch a strain of that Christmas music in the Presence at Whitehall before the Royal Martyr had left it to return no more till the day of his doom. In another poem Herrick describes our Lord as "a pretty Baby," but it has this dainty verse:

Instead of real enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle Kingly Stranger
As gospel tells
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

But quaintest of all are his lines bidding a child carry a flower to the Saviour, and

stick it there
Upon His bib or stomacher.

Religion, if it caused blood to flow in that bygone century, was naïve and innocent in its conceptions. It had hardly escaped from what seems to us the bathos and blasphemy of the Middle Ages, but what was really an attempt to make the ideas of Christianity consort with every phase of life.

Coming to more recent times one is surprised at the poets who had no eye for the suggestive beauty of the festival. Dryden, Marvell, Pope, and a host of lesser lights are silent; Thomson and Cowper have plenty to say of the miseries and joys of winter, but seem to have forgotten that Christmas was a winter festival, though the latter translated some very classical and conventional lines on the subject by Madame Guyon. One cannot remember that Wordsworth, even in his Ecclesiastical Sonnets, makes any reference to the festival. Byron and Moore seem indifferent to it; Keats was too much of a Greek, Shelley too anti-Christian, to trouble about it. Coleridge, however, wrote a Christmas carol, in which the Virgin is made to rejoice at the coming of peace. Should she not rather rejoice at "sweet music's loudest note, the

poet's story," at glory and fame, at the youthful king War hailed as he is by "Earth's majestic monarchs?"

Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child.

She is "the mother of the Prince of peace":

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn,
Peace, peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

The poem, if unworthy of Coleridge as a poet, is worthy of him as a transcendental philosopher. Christmas finds Southey a traveller in the mountains of Italy. And it reminds him "how many hearts are happy at this hour in England," of the cheerful fire, the gathering of the members of the family round the festive board. He recalls his childish joy in the festival long ago:

As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,
From friend to friend with joyful speed I ran,
Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.

Fond memory recalls these things and it brings thoughts of the absent, of those who

remember me, and fill
The glass of votive friendship.

In spite of the subject, the poem seems forced and written to order. There is no real feeling of Christmas in it, such as a carol can produce with much less striving. But Tennyson's exquisite art enabled him to pen some marvellous Christmas verses in *In Memoriam*:

The time draws nigh the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Memory, too, is active with him: the bells "controlled me when a boy"; but "they bring me sorrow touched with joy." The welcome guest who enriched "the threshold of the night" is gone for ever. It seems a mockery to dress church and hall with holly, yet let it be done for use and wont. And then we hear of the sadness in the Christmas rejoicings, the "awful sense of one mute Shadow watching all." The lines voice, alas, too often, the feelings of older folk during the merriment of the children's Christmas. They see the Shadows which, let us be thankful, the children do not see.

Browning's "Christmas Eve" is a splendid discussion on the philosophy of Christianity which it is good to read as the festival comes round, if not for its lofty teaching at least for its vision of the Christ and its pictures of His worshippers, Protestant, Catholic, and rationalist. Philosophic in its own way also is Longfellow's "Christmas Bells." He hears them in war-time when the cannons drown the message of peace and goodwill, and he despairs of peace. But

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men.

The same optimism mingled with strongly ethical lessons, characterises Lowell's "Christmas Carol" and Whittier's "Christmas Carmen," the latter with its refrain:

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

These trans-Atlantic poems remind one of Charles Kingsley's musical "Carol."

With our own Miss Rossetti, we return to the mystic quaintness of the seventeenth-century versifiers:

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air,
But only his mother, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

The editors of "The English Hymnal" which has frightened the bishops, have wisely included this delightful carol in their collection. Here, too, is a noble verse from her other series of carols:

Whoso hears a chiming for Christmas at the highest
Hears a sound like Angels chanting in their glee,
Hears a sound like palm boughs waving in the highest,
Hears a sound like ripple of a crystal sea.

With that exquisite music we might fitly leave the poets' Christmas choir, but we must not forget the other aspect of the festival—its jollity and glee. We find in George Wither's Christmas verses beginning:

So now is come our joyfullest part;
Let every man be jolly,

and ending:

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods, and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry!

Wither had a merry heart in spite of his Puritanism. Nor indeed did Herrick write only quaint spiritual conceits on Christmas, for he has some mince-meat and plum-pudding verses appropriate to the occasion;

Come, bring with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

These are the verses of men who took actual part in the prolonged wassail of Yule. But Scott's magic minstrelsy, in a land where among the bulk of the people the very name of Christmas had well-nigh been forgotten, revived for us the old times, the old scenes, in his famous verses in "Marmion."

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

We hear of the religious pageantry, of ceremony doffing his pride, the union of gentle and simple, the glowing logs, the boar's head, wassail, pies and pudding, the carols, the masquerade:

'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.

The old miracle-plays dramatised the Christmas story, and Longfellow attempted something of the same kind in his "Golden Legend." Is it possible to revive a Christmas mystery, combining, perhaps, the spiritual and material aspects of the Festival? Here is a chance for our modern poets! Which of them will lead the way?

J. A. MACCULLOCH.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Lotus-Eaters," by Edward Wright.]

FICTION

Abbots Verney. By R. MACAULAY. (Murray, 6s.)

R. MACAULAY has written an interesting book. Her work is sound and careful, and illumined by occasional flashes of insight. Its chief defect is an inclination to diffuseness, and her characters at times become dim and even lost in the fog of detail and explanation: its chief quality is absolute sincerity. The story is simple and reasonable, relying for interest, as such a story should, upon the play of circumstance on character. The three generations of

Ruths are realised and expressed with admirable distinctness. The misery of Verney Ruth when he becomes involved in the disgrace of his father and is disinherited by his grandfather, is finely described, and his pride, his sensitive reserve, his pluck are brought out with great skill; though we are unable to sympathise (as we seem expected to) with his resentment against Rosamond for not giving him all, when by her strength and kindness she had already given him much. We read the book with the interest that real sincerity almost always commands. The author's prose is usually good: occasionally it is distressingly harsh, as when she writes of "phlegmatic practicality," but, happily, such phrases are rare, and we recommend the book without hesitation.

The Flock. By MARY AUSTIN. (Constable, 6s. net.)

IT may come as a surprise to many tolerably well-informed people that a book all about sheep and shepherds in California can offer such delightful reading as is to be found in "The Flock." The author knows her subject thoroughly, she understands the trials and fascinations of life on "The Long Trail," and she has friends among the shepherds and the art of eliciting confidences. They tell her of strange experiences on the track, curious anecdotes of men, wonderful stories of their dogs, and—more diffidently—they relate the story of their own perils and achievements. There is hardly a page without its incident, information, or picturesque description; to turn a leaf too hastily is to miss some interesting fact or vivid picture. Mrs. Austin writes with distinction, and "The Flock," embellished with numerous marginal illustrations, should find a place among the popular gift-books of the season.

The House of the Luck. By MARY J. H. SKRINE. (Smith, Elder, 6s. net.)

THE "Luck" of the house of Darley died in the seventeenth century, but his spirit visits a latter-day heir to the estates and whispers brave and bracing counsels to him in the watches of the night. The author tells a tender and graceful story of Tony, the invalid lad, who is the hope of his house. He discovers for himself the needs and wrongs of the "peasant-people," and why they look to him to restore the old rule of justice and kindness. There is nothing goody-goody about Tony, he is artless and engaging, and quaintly wise as childhood often is. His story is interesting and touching, yet not overclouded with sentiment, and there is the saving salt of humour in Tony's experiences among the villagers and old servants. It is a charming book, both for young people and grown-up readers, but the grown-ups will like it best.

The Realist. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Sisleys.)

THE five short stories which comprise this little volume are all strongly told and powerful, with just that admixture of thought which makes it necessary to take Mr. Thurston's work seriously. In these stories he begins by expounding the idea and then proceeds to the tale in hand. But the tale does not fit nicely: it seems to lose its proper effect, and sink to the insignificant place of an illustration to a text, and not always, we must add, an apt one. "The Low Comedian" is the last, and it is also the best—chiefly because the story is allowed to stand on its merits, to suggest rather than to express thought.

Rosemary in Search of a Father. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

A CHILD is the chief character in this story, but it is not a book for children unless they are unusually precocious. The five-year old Rosemary at Monte Carlo, seeing that her mother is sad, sets out to find a lost father, and meets with such extraordinary good luck that we can only suspect the intervention of Christmas fairies. They send Rosemary a wonderful father, far more attractive than the real one, and just the man her mother most desired

to meet again. So with the help of an old-love affair, an American millionaire, a pretty French adventuress, a profusion of jewels, and costly raiment such as might haunt the delirious dreams of a milliner's girl, the tale runs on to a happy conclusion. It is a brisk, highly coloured story, of the lightest possible construction even for these authors who know how to make the most of trifles, and it has its gay moments and its touches of pathos, and may be read with some pleasure, and more amusement.

After the Fault. By ROBERT H. SHERARD. (Sisley, 6s.)

WE are wholly out of sympathy with the accepted premiss of the story, from which all the tragedy springs. The point of view from which a wife is regarded as an attractive species of property is both vulgar and commonplace; and so far are we from feeling the sorrow which we are expected to feel for a hero whose wife has, as he would say, betrayed him, that we become hardened and glad that he should have suffered almost as much as he deserved. The man is held up for admiration, but the pride which prevents him from allowing his wife the pleasure of sharing her good fortune with him, is as ignoble and selfish as the love which causes him to ape intolerably the air of an injured saint. Mr. Sherard writes with much clever fluency, but his book is stuffed with false sentiment and a kind of respectable anger towards life.

A Serpent in his Way. By SUZANNE SOMERS. (Long, 6s.)

IRELAND has always been a land of romance, and, judging from "A Serpent in his Way," her days of wild deeds are not yet over. The plot is that of the Babes in the Wood in a modern setting, complicated by the interpolation of Cinderella's Wicked Sisters and a Knight Errant. The twentieth-century atmosphere necessitates a coroner's inquest and other touches not to be found in the original legend, but the story is practically the same. The Wicked Uncle, after fruitless attempts to destroy the hapless Babes, who, supported by their doughty Knight Errant, invariably rise and confront him with his villainy, at last acknowledges himself beaten and betakes himself with his unprepossessing family to a third-rate French *pension* and the whisky-bottle. The female Babe, in accordance with the dictates of romance, marries the Knight Errant and they "all live happily ever after."

The Baxter Family. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. (White, 6s.)

THE moral of this story seems to be that good intentions often have evil ends. John Grant, the innocent cause of Harry Baxter's death, tries to make up to the dead man's family in some degree by improving their worldly circumstances. But the more he does for them the more he harms them; he sees it himself at last, and goes away, not without hurt to his own peace of mind. But between his appearance and the moment when he leaves them for good, many things have happened, and the authors have made the most of many opportunities for character-drawing. Lydia and Agatha are finely imagined girls, well drawn and interesting. The men are less convincing, but old Mrs. Baxter is delightful. Although the action takes place in England, the strange fascination of "The Shulamite" and "Anna of the Plains" is not wanting, proving how little local colour, how much the author's personality, has to do with success.

FINE ART

RECRUITS FOR THE PICTURE-MARKET

NOTWITHSTANDING the rumours current as to the depressed condition of the modern picture-market, there are no signs of either artists or dealers losing heart. On the contrary, within the last week a new society of portrait-painters—which is to hold its first exhibition at the Royal

Institute early next year—has been founded, and two new galleries have been opened, both within a few yards of Trafalgar Square.

Of these two newcomers, one is practically an extension of a familiar gallery, Messrs. William Marchant and Co. having acquired an additional suite of rooms over their well-known Goupil Gallery. To the house-warming of the Goupil Gallery Salon nearly a hundred exhibitors were invited, with the result that close on two hundred exhibits adorn the walls of the new premises. In some respects—certainly in that of mere dimensions—the full-length portrait of *Mlle. Salomé* by M. J. E. Blanche is the most important exhibit, but despite his technical dexterity this artist repeatedly fails to give his painting a pleasing surface quality, and in seeking to catch the gleam of a silk dress, he endows his whole canvas with the shininess of an oil-cloth. Far more satisfying to those who value repose and reticence in painting is M. Le Sidaner's *Maisons à Bruges*, a poetic harmony of lovely colour in which nothing is assertively stated and all things are dreamily suggested. It is true of Le Sidaner's paintings, as Mr. Symons has well said of Whistler's, that "when you come near them they seem to efface themselves, as if they would not have you even see them too closely," for like the "Master" Le Sidaner has the supreme art of concealing the means by which his effects are obtained. But at the proper distance his mysterious houses materialise as if by magic from the seeming chaos of paint-streaks which alone await our too curious investigation. Mr. Ludovici's London park-scenes are as pleasantly reminiscent of Whistler as Mr. Alexander Jamieson's Parisian crowds are of Manet's *Jardin des Tuileries*, but though neither of these graceful painters can be dismissed as a mere imitator, his art is too derivative to give a clear revelation of his own personality. M. Le Sidaner, too, has learnt much from Whistler and the Impressionists, but he has made use of the knowledge thus derived to make his own deductions from Nature. At present Messrs. Ludovici and Jamieson have not gone further than restating, very pleasantly it is true, conclusions at which their predecessors had arrived.

A pastel portrait of a lady's head by M. Aman-Jean, and a landscape and a marine by M. Cottet encourage the hope that with a larger space at his disposal Mr. Marchant will show us later representative collections of the work of these two distinguished French artists, who are little known on this side of the channel. In *The Old Farm*, a veritable hymn in colour to Apollo, Mr. Clausen again demonstrates that the vividness of hot sunshine can be expressed without aridness of paint, and that for treating brilliant light with tenderness and truth he has no living rival save the veteran Monet. In addition to characteristic examples of many capable painters with whose work frequenters of the Goupil Gallery are well acquainted, the collection includes some new recruits, prominent among whom is Mr. Orpen. His little water-colour of a girl sitting by a window is equally notable for the lovely contour of the figure, the well-balanced design of the whole, and the full colour obtained without losing lustre or quality. A little collection of black-and-white work is full of good things, summary impressions of Spain by Mr. Pennell, happily observed and deftly recorded views of *Jumieges* and *Caudebec* by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, and rich, romantic charcoal landscapes by Messrs. Frank Mura and Paul Henry, the last also showing a portrait study which, taken with his poetic landscapes, warrants high hopes for his future.

Black-and-white work is also well to the fore in the first exhibition of the International Art Gallery (14 King William Street), where there are some remarkably vigorous lithographs of rustic subjects by H. Becker, as well as characteristic examples of the better known lithographer M. Belleruche, and two beautiful studies of a *Head* and *Drapery* by the sanest and strongest of our neo-classicists, Albert Moore, and more sugary drawings of feminine face and figure by M. Lucien Monod. Among the oils in this

gallery is a masterly *Roses* and two other flower-pieces by Fantin, a Chardinesque *Still Life* by the little-known Zakarion, and examples of Mauve, J. Maris, de Bock, and others of the Modern Dutch School. Messrs. Coutts Michie, Moffat Lindner, W. Llewellyn, Harold Speed and Buxton Knight are well represented, but it must be confessed that the British contributors do not show to any great advantage. The chief interest of the exhibition is the opportunity it affords of becoming acquainted with several young Dutch and French painters comparatively unknown in this country. Among these none makes a braver bid for distinction than M. Jeanès, whose *The Wave* and *Sunrise at Venice* have the vigour and life of big effects economically expressed. Their greatest blemish is that they are done in a wrong medium, water-colour being used on a rough paper to resemble pastel. The style of the painter suggests that oils will eventually be his chosen medium, but if he would control his strength, diminish his dimensions, and preserve the purity of his washes, he should produce some astounding water-colours.

MUSIC

SULLIVAN AND POPULAR MUSIC

THE revival of the Savoy Opera recalls us to old tunes and old jokes, which come back enriched, not only with the memories of the days when the productions were the personal work of composer, librettist and manager, two of whom are no longer with us, but for most of us with some personal association. In the case of *The Yeomen of the Guard* the songs, both words and music, are its strongest part, that for which it is most loved. Its tragic ending robs us of the laugh with which the curtain was wont to fall on these operas, and in the course of the play the dialogue is less sparkling than in *The Mikado*, for instance; but the songs have become the personal property of each of us, and as we listen to them again in their own surroundings, they bring to mind numberless occasions when they formed the most successful feature of a village concert or a Christmas party, or best of all, to some of us they recall snug evenings in So-and-so's rooms, when we were light-hearted undergraduates and sang through several Sullivan operas at a single sitting. How many people have cultivated their sense of humour, and perhaps even acquired a reputation for wit among their friends, solely on the fun of Mr. W. S. Gilbert it is impossible to say, but they are certainly numerous. One would like to know, too, how many people have awakened to a love for music chiefly through the light opera of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Young men and women, especially the former, used to go home and try to sing the songs as they heard them at the Savoy, and then were led on to try the concerted pieces together, and found them hard to do, but still worth the work they cost. The famous "Madrigal" in *The Mikado* has been the practising ground of many a successful vocal quartet party, who would never have tried to sing together, but would have contented themselves with a wearisome succession of drawing-room ballads, had they not found this genial and charming bit of vocal writing ready made for them.

It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the practical value of these works in cultivating the popular musical taste in England. Their secret is that they are not made of music which plays down to the popular taste (which always means playing rather below it), but that their music emanates from the best qualities of that taste; the natural love for free moving and simple melodies, emphatic rhythms and plain harmonies which need little thinking, all decorated with bright and piquant effects of orchestral colouring, which, however, are not essential to the charm of the music—these are the qualities which make their appeal to people uneducated in music, and the presence of one of them in

a work otherwise crude and vulgar enough is sufficient to ensure its acceptance. Sullivan partook of all these primitive instincts of musical expression in much the same way as does the uneducated public, with the additional possession of a strong creative faculty; while the fact that he early mistook himself, and was mistaken for a composer in the "grand manner," won him a thorough musical education, which gave him the power to express these simple ideas of melody and rhythm in artistic terms. He could not, of course, escape from some of the disadvantages attendant upon such a position; the tendency to be misled as the public is misled, and to perpetrate things crude and vulgar would occur when, for instance, a poem of commonplace or weak-minded sentiment came in his way. Every one will remember instances among his songs where his gifts are used to very inferior ends, and the piano-organ and street hawker still loudly proclaim their fatal popularity. In writing for the Savoy, however, he had no such temptation; his association with Mr. W. S. Gilbert saved him from ever descending to find the musical counterpart to clap-trap words. Instead, he had to express real humour, or else things graceful and charming, with sometimes, as in the case of *The Yeomen of the Guard*, simple and genuine pathos. To such situations Sullivan was quite equal, by virtue of the popular instinct which was his naturally and the artistic musicianship he had attained, and the result was that his works gained a wider influence than those of any English composer of the nineteenth century.

He is a happy man who discovers the work to which he is exactly suited and does it. At the present day, when we hear so much of the need for encouraging British composers, one is inclined to wonder whether the reason that much effort seems to run to waste is not really to be found in the fact that a good deal of the musical output is misdirected energy. There are surely among our older composers some who have been working all their lives honestly in the cause of what they conceive to be serious art, who might have done more direct and living work could they have realised that it is not the fact of writing in the noble forms of symphony, concerto or extended chamber music which primarily helps this cause, but that the steps must be gradual, that the small forms of music must reach people first: the song, the vocal trio and quartet, the dance tune, and that the first need is to supply artistic and genuine music in these simple shapes if the art is really to be brought into touch with everyday human wants. Among young artists the love for large canvases is proverbial, and young composers, whose ranks are even stronger than those of the elder generation, must needs hasten to write for huge orchestras and choruses; but we want songs we can sing, pieces we can play; something to supplant the miserable travesties of music found in the songs of musical comedy, or the morbid sentiment of the drawing-room ballad. For this purpose the off-shoots of a composer who is superior to these things are useless. The occasional song or little piece for piano which he deigns to publish in the interval between his symphony and his oratorio is likely to miss the mark altogether. For such work men are wanted who can be content to write tune after tune of the most elementary kind, who are moved by the most simple emotion, and yet who cannot leave their work without giving it the utmost artistic finish that its limits allow. Of home music there has been practically none since the production of the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan furnished it thus indirectly. It would be possible to name several among English composers now living who have shown that they could give this if they thought it worth while. That it should be little considered is indeed extraordinary, since it is only from audiences trained by active and personal effort in practical music that the advanced forms of the art can receive healthy appreciation.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

A FRENCH CRITIC ON HOMER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I did not mean to attribute to M. Bréal the opinion that the striking scenes enumerated on p. 126 do not belong to the original redaction. I took his list of five scenes, and wished to say that it is remarkable that there should be a school of critics ascribing them to late hands. However, I suppose I did not express myself with sufficient clearness, and I admit that Mr. Lang's reading of my words was quite justified. Yet does not the second paragraph of my review imply that the ransom-scene at least is due to the original poet in the opinion of M. Bréal? The word "detected" in the passage quoted should have been "enumerated." Certainly M. Bréal does not regard these exquisite passages as late additions to the *Iliad*. That is a theory held by critics whom he condemns.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

ἐπιδημιολοῦ ὀκρυβέρος

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Johnson does not understand the rule promulgated by Munro (not Monroe). It is that a dactyl in the fourth foot of a Greek hexameter must not have a *caesura* after the first short syllable of the dactyl. Now in ἐπιδημιολοῦ there is no *caesura* at all and therefore no violation of the rule, the whole dactyl of fourth foot being contained in one word.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

CHAUCER AND YWAINE AND GAWIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among the literary models that influenced the art of Chaucer a place should probably be assigned to *Ywaine and Gawin* (Y&G), a metrical romance in a northern dialect. This poem is of very considerable merit, greatly surpassing the average of English poetry from 1300 to 1350; and nothing could have been more natural than for the young Chaucer to study it carefully if he ever saw it. Evidence that he actually did so is found partly in parallels like the following: Y&G 421-2:

And then he bar me sone bi strenkith
Out of my sadel my speres lenkith;

to be compared with *The Knight's Tale* (A 2645-6):

And kyng Emetreus, for al his strengthe,
Is borne out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe;

and this, where each member of the parallel precedes the account of a duel: Y&G 633-4:

To speke of lufe na time was thar
For aither hated uthur ful sar;

and *Knight's Tale* (A 1649):

There nas no "Good day," ne no saluyng,

But such parallels—I do not give them all—are far less interesting than an alliterative description of a combat (Y & G 3531-59) which seems to have suggested to Chaucer the idea of alliteration in his two most celebrated fighting scenes (A 2603-2616 and *Legend of Good Women* 635-648). I know of no other place than these three in Middle English poetry where alliteration is conspicuously added to the regular rime to give vigour to a description of contest, and I cannot resist the conclusion that Chaucer imitated the northern poem. That the great poet, Chaucer, imitated the minor poet is probable from the rude vigour of the latter, who, had he been the imitator, would probably have been more graceful, less vigorous and also addicted to Midland, and even Southern forms. And I observe that Professor Schofield refers the *Ywaine and Gawin* to the first half of the fourteenth century as against the Oxford Dictionary which assigns circa 1400 as the date of it. If Professor Schofield is correct my hypothesis becomes wholly tenable.

But once we admit that Chaucer intimately knew and was considerably influenced by *Ywaine and Gawin*, I find it difficult not to suggest an important inference concerning the English version of the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

The presence in all parts of this poem of southern forms renders it likely that it is not the work of a northern poet, but rather of one from further south, purposely writing, perhaps, in an eclectic dialect. Such southern forms are the following: Periphrastic *do* and *did*, vv. 3162, 4917, 5025, 5156, 7185; present plural indicative in *-th*, 1540, 2790, 5681, 5810, 6548; prefix *y-* to the past participle, 1419, 1510, 1610, 5505; noun plurals in *-en*: *honden* 6665; *lambren* 7013; and numerous Kenticisms in all parts of the poem.

That the northern forms of the *Romaunt* (RR) were partly adopted by intimacy with *Ywaine and Gawin* (Y&G) is at least suggested by the following parallels; where ringing words or phrases are separated by a colon (:): RR 1853-4 *thar: mar* (MSS. *thore: more*) and Y&G 235-6 *thare: mare*; RR 2215-6 *mar: ar*, and Y&G 3945-6 *mar: ar*; RR 2263-4 *wel sittand: hand*, and Y&G 637-8 *hand: wele syttand*; RR 5457-8 *bare* (adj): *ware* (were) and Y&G 3161-2 *war*

(were): *bare* (adj); RR 4593-4 *wille*: *hym till*, and Y&G 2309-10 *him till*; *wyll*; and others. To the same influence may be referred, though in a less degree, the assonant and other imperfect rimes of the *Romaunt*.

The following show that neither northern forms nor imperfect rimes are confined to the so-called B-fragment of the *Romaunt*, but occur also in the A- and C-fragments: northern forms: 38 *hatte* (be called); 102 *buskes*; 506 *ware* (were) riming on *cave*; 716 *their* (Glasgow MS.); 6565 *ther* (Glasgow MS.); *their* (Thynne's edition): Rimes: 103-4 *lefeis*: *slevis*; 1601-2 *perilous*: *Narcissus*; 6469-70 *force*: *croce*. The case of those who maintain that the *Romaunt* is the work of two or three different authors is not therefore so strong as it has been represented.

Freely admitting that evidences like the above are inconclusive, I nevertheless hold that, added to the arguments of Professor Lounsbury, they make it probable that the English *Romaunt of the Rose* was the work of a single author and that that author was Chaucer. The points that differentiate it from Chaucer's later work would then be due to the fact that Chaucer made the translation very early—in 1360 or even earlier; and those which differentiate the different portions of the translation—and this, we have seen, they do not do in any absolute way—to the restless experiments of a youth hampered by a dearth of English models, and by the necessity of choosing, and to some extent even constructing, his very dialect. Two centuries later Spenser faced the same difficulties, and solved them in a far more artificial way.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

Northampton, Massachusetts.
December 5.

CUI BONO?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Let me call attention to another journalistic blunder, of a peculiarly flagrant type, which I venture to think the ACADEMY and its contributors ought to shun. In slap-dash journalism it is only too common; but I was not a little surprised to find it in last week's *Nuga*, by so practised a writer as *Spectator ab extra*. "Cui Bono?" does not mean "What is the good of it?" but "Who gains by it?"—literally, "To whom is it for a good?" The phrase is used by Cicero in two or three places as a sort of police inquiry: "Who benefits by this act? Tell us that, and we shall find out who did it."

C.

TRAILING CLOUDS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret to observe that your Reviewer is not quite sure of my meaning when questioning his remarks on "Infant Joy." I wished to emphasise what I believed to be obvious: that two days after her child's birth a mother would not be capable of the actions attributed to her; and also that such treatment would mean injury to the child. As for a child smiling not at all after birth except from wind I confess that my knowledge of the psychology of childhood does not permit me to refute the statement; and I doubt whether scientific psychologists would venture an opinion in either direction. But I have heard humbler folk, nurses and mothers, contemplating an infant of somewhat older growth, declare with certainty which smiles were the expression of pleasure and which but facial contortions, the result of physical suffering.

Well, I think that a child might conceivably smile—and not from wind—two days after birth; that the mother might interpret the smiles to express her own happiness; and that Blake, catching the idea, composed his poem in the form of a dialogue. But, alas! for the clearness of poetry, your Reviewer holds a very different view. Of course, the two days may not be an essential part of the poetry: or a day may be taken to mean a year—or an aeon. The poem may be an allegory signifying the creation of the world and the joy of the Creator. It matters little so long as the poem induces a sensation of pleasure to the reader. But these differences of interpretation are a sad comment on the view that poetry is the clearest of all forms of speech—clearest, I take it, to the reader or hearer, since clearness to the artist means very little without the materialised conception.

Your Reviewer would like to know what I mean by scientific definitions. To define is to state the necessary connotation of a term: a definition is a statement of those attributes without which a thing is not referred the particular class to which nothing is admitted unless it possesses them—I abstain from technical language. Examples of this are Mill's definition of money as *general purchasing power*; the definition of a curve as *a line, no part of which is straight*. There can hardly be a misconception as to the meaning of these statements: and could all terms be exactly defined we could speak without ambiguity. But this being impossible, our nearest approach to univocal expression is scientific definition: it is hardly possible to string a few sentences together using only words whose meanings are or can be exactly defined.

To describe poetry as the clearest of all forms of speech may be, in some ambiguous use of the superlative of clear, a sufficiently near approach to truth—I know not—but it is certainly misleading. For poetry, if described at all—even if we do not attempt definition—should be brought into some relation with æsthetics, and clearness, in so far as it is clear, is no part of beauty. Nor can clearness, in the usual acceptance of the word, be attributed to poetry as a proprium;

for in discussing "Infant Joy" it is not, and hardly can be, denied that the lyric is poetry, and yet no attribute of clearness can be shown to follow from those attributes which constitute it poetry—rather the reverse has, indeed, been demonstrated. Clearness is, in fact, an accident where it is at all an attribute of poetry.

I seem to have discussed *de omnibus rebus*, but I must needs say say something *de quibusdam aliis*. I have not any views as to the sex of the child in "Infant Joy": my use of the word *man* was a harmlessly intended employment of synecdoche, founded upon an imperfect recollection of the Scriptures.

H. G. RICHARDSON.

December 13.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Smith, Vincent A. *Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta*. Including the Cabinet of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Vol. i. 10×6½. Pp. xviii, 346. Published for the Trustees of the Indian Museum. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 30s. net.

[In three parts (i.—The Early Foreign Dynasties and the Guptas; ii.—Ancient Coins of Indian Types; iii.—Persian, Mediæval, South Indian, and Miscellaneous Coins), issued separately at 15s. net, 6s. net, and 10s. 6d. net respectively.]

Rea, Hope. *Titian*. 6¼×4. Pp. 56. Bell, 1s. net.
[In the "Miniature Series of Painters."]

CLASSICS.

Herodotus: Histories—Books I. to III. Translated by G. Woodruffe Harris. 7¼×5. Pp. 225. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.
[In the "New Classical Library."]

Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. Edited, with revised text translation, introduction and notes, by J. W. Mackail. 9×6. Pp. x, 433. Longmans, 14s. net.

[The volume published under this title in 1890 has been for some years out of print, and in issuing a new edition the opportunity has been taken to revise the text, translation and notes carefully throughout, to rewrite considerable portions of the introduction, and also to make some modifications in the contents of the selection.]

FICTION.

Edge, John H. *An Irish Utopia*. A Story of a Phase of the Land-Problem. 7½×5¼. Pp. 296. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 3s. 6d.

Porter, Helen. *The Second Bloom*. 7½×5¼. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.

Wright, R. H. *The Outer Darkness*. 7½×5¼. Pp. 512. Greening, 6s.

HISTORY.

Fisher, H. A. L. *The History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Henry VIII. (1485-1547)*. 9×6. Pp. 518. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

[Volume v. of Messrs. Longmans' twelve-volume "Political History of England."]

LITERATURE.

Secombe, Thomas; and Nicoll, W. Robertson. *The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature*. 2 vols. Vol. i.—Chaucer to Dryden; Vol. ii.—Pope to Swinburne. 12×8½. Pp. 522. Hodder & Stoughton, 15s. net. (See p. 625.)

Macdonald, Frederic W. *In a Nook with a Book*. 7×4½. Pp. 222. Horace Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.

Platt, Hugh E. *A Last Ramble in the Classics*. 7×4½. Pp. 208. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Escombe, Edith. *Phases of Marriage*. 7¼×5¼. Pp. 199. Elkin Mathews' 3s. 6d. net.

Reich, Emil. *An Alphabetical Encyclopædia of Institutions, Persons, Events, etc. of Ancient History and Geography*. 7¼×5. Pp. 224. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

[In the "New Classical Library."]

Goff, A.; and Levy, J. H. *Politics and Disease*. 7½×5. Pp. 291. King, 3s. 6d. net.

[Papers on Vivisection, Vaccination, The Lunacy Laws, and so on.]

With Byron in Italy. Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan. With 60 illustrations from photographs. 8¼×5¼. Pp. 327. Unwin, 5s. net.

[A selection of the poems and letters of Byron which relate to his life in Italy.]

Schofield, Alfred T. *The Home Life in Order, or Personal and Domestic Hygiene*. 8¼×5¼. Pp. 345. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net.

The number of pages in Debrett's Peerage was erroneously given in our last issue as 1346. There are two sections, separately numbered, comprising in all 2400 pages.

POETRY.

Underwood, Wilbur. *A Book of Masks*. 6¼×5¼. Pp. 46. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Arnold, W. T. *The Roman System of Provincial Administration to the Accession of Constantine the Great*. New edition, revised from the author's notes by E. S. Shuckburgh. With a map. 8¼×5¼. Pp. 288. Oxford: Blackwell, 6s. net.

Dumas, Alexandre. *The Black Tulip*. With an introduction by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. 7×4½. Pp. 259. Greening, 1s. 6d. net.
[In "The Lotus Library."]

White, Gleeson. *English Illustration—"The Sixties"; 1855-70*. With numerous illustrations by Ford Madox Brown, A. Boyd Houghton, Arthur Hughes, Charles Keene, M. J. Lawless, Lord Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, G. du Maurier, J. W. North, G. J. Pinwell, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, W. Small, Frederick Sandys, J. McNeill Whistler, Frederick Walker, and others. 10 x 7½. Pp. 204. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.

[A re-impression of the original edition of 1897. A few small errors have been corrected.]

The Dramatic Writings of Richard Edwards, Thomas Norton, and Thomas Sackville. Comprising *Palamon and Pithias* and *Gordobuc, or Ferrex and Porrex*, and Note-Book and Word-List. Edited by John S. Farmer. 7 x 4½. Pp. 191. *Six Anonymous Plays* (Second Series). Comprising *Jacob and Esau—Youth—Albion, Knight—Miso-gonus—Godly Queen Hester—Tom Tyler and his Wife—Note-Book* and Word-List. Edited by John S. Farmer. 7 x 4½. Pp. 478. Privately printed for Subscribers by the Early English Drama Society, n.p. [In the "Early English Dramatists" series.]

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades. New Edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 359. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

Cobbett's English Grammar. With an introduction by H. L. Stephen. 7 x 4½. Pp. xvii, 232. *Cobbett's Advice to Young Men* (From the edition of 1829). 7 x 4½. Pp. 303. Froude, 2s. 6d. net each.

SCIENCE.

The Science Year Book, with Astronomical, Physical and Chemical Tables, Summary of Progress in Science, Directory, Biographies, and Diary for 1907. Edited by Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell. Third year of issue. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 407. King, Sell, 5s. net.

The Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. Twenty-third annual issue. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 330.

[A record of the work done in science, literature and art during the session 1905-1906 by numerous societies and Government institutions.]

THEOLOGY.

Seaver, Richard W. *To Christ through Criticism*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 211. Edinburgh: Clark, 3s. 6d. net.

[Contains the substance of the Donellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin, 1905-1906.]

Wordsworth, Chr. *The Precedence of English Bishops: and the Provincial Chapter*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 95. Cambridge: University Press, 2s. 6d. net.

Literary Illustrations of the Bible: *The Epistle of James*. 5½ x 4½. Pp. 139. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 6d. net.

The Literature of the New Testament—The Fourth Gospel; its Purpose and Theology. By Ernest F. Scott. 9 x 5½. Pp. 379. Edinburgh: Clarke, 6s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

A VERY charming little volume of translations of some of our English poems into Italian has been brought out by the Istituto di Arti Grafiche in Venice (*Versioni da Thomas Gray, John Keats, Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Robert Browning*. Di Taddeo Wiel). Signor Taddeo Wiel gives proof of his skill by turning into Italian verse Gray's "Elegy"; Byron's "Lines on Thyrza"; Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale"; Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" and "The Cloud"; and Browning's "A Toccata of Galuppi's." The translations are prefaced by an Introduction on the art of translation in Italian; and that Signor Wiel is a master of his beautiful mother-tongue is amply demonstrated by the scholarly Italian in which this introduction is written. The translations themselves are, with one exception, in the same metre as the originals. To reproduce such poems faithfully, with a strict adherence to the English form, metre, rhyme and sense, is no small achievement, and Signor Wiel may be congratulated on having performed his task admirably. We welcome the translation of some of our finest English lyrics into Italian, and appreciate the interest taken in our literature by one who evidently knows and loves our language. The volume is a beautiful example of the binder's and printer's arts, and is, we understand, the first of its kind published by a newly formed Institute which bids fair to carry on the traditions of Venetian printing in the city where Addo once lived and laboured. It may be obtained in London of Mr. James Bain, 14 Charles Street, Haymarket.

Mr. John Masefield, in *A Sailor's Garland* (Methuen and Co.), has provided an effective anthology of sea poetry, which, as was to be expected from the author of "A Mainsail Haul," is not without merit. On the other hand, as the same author's "Sea Life in Nelson's Time" would lead us to apprehend, the exercise of a little more judgment might have made it so much better. Mr. Masefield, we believe, is a poet who has been to sea, but, possibly by reason of his poetic temperament, he can only observe sea life from the point of view of one whose stomach squirms at blue water. We are led to assume that the sullen outlook he takes, and the gloomy colouring which pervades his prefatory remarks, is to be traced to this cause, since he tells us himself, that, "Nearly all the English poets, from Chaucer to Keats, have a dislike for, or a dread of, the sea, and a hatred of sea life and no high opinion of sailors." It may have been so, although we would have preferred to have it on better authority, but the more popular notion is expressed in the words of the song, "They all love Jack." With regard to his assertion it may also be asked whether there is any other calling or profession the members of which have received wider recognition from the British poets, or have inspired more sympathetic poetry than our seamen. Surely too, it was a little injudicious of Mr. Masefield, seeing he has such a poor opinion of seamen, to select for the title of his collection

"A Sailor's Garland." We may doubt whether this be quite the kind of garland that such a sailor poet as Captain Edward Thompson would have woven, or for the matter of that, Captain Marryat either, if we may judge from some of his poetry; but obviously this Garland is neither for sailors nor their sweethearts. Of the collection itself, it may be said that it is fairly representative, both as regards poets and poetry. There are indeed some notable omissions, as for example the metrical description of a sea battle by Peter Langtoft, probably the earliest in our history. Hardyng too gives a spirited account of a fight, while John Rastell draws for us the picture of a Tudor seaman. Among the ballads, we miss "Black Eyed Susan," and "Sweet Poll of Plymouth," two of the most popular in the eighteenth century. There is nothing quite so quaint in its way as the old song on the fight between the *Nottingham* and the *Mars* in November 1746. Of truly representative poetry, we may mention Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," a contemporary poem on the loss of the *Birkenhead*, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's pathetic verse inspired by the wreck of the *Eurydice*. Manifestly also, in "A Sailor's Garland" we should expect to find something of Gilbert's, and could well have spared a portion of the reprinted article on "Chanties," in which there are two questionable assertions, one that the "Chanty" is an invention of the Merchant Service, the other that the silent routine in the navy "must be very horrible to witness." Among minor blemishes indicative of carelessness or haste we note several names wrongly spelt, as Edmund for Edward, Thompson's Christian name; characters attributed to the wrong author, as Captain Mizen, an invention of Charles Shadwell in the "Fair Quaker of Deal"; and poems which appear with the descriptions, "anonymous," when their authors are well known, as "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," the work of Richard Glover.

Mr. Donald Maxwell's *A Cruise Across Europe* (Lane, 10s. 6d. net) is a light, humorous chronicle of a freshwater voyage in a small boat, from Holland to the Black Sea, by way of Ludwig's Canal, a waterway begun by Charlemagne which unites the basins of the Rhine and Danube, but is seldom used and little known, despite the fact that, as Mr. Maxwell says, it enables barges and craft to "climb to a height of over fifteen hundred feet from the sea by means of tortuous windings and bold leaps over wild and yawning chasms." The author writes entertainingly of the people he met, the country he passed through, and the incidents of his voyage; and Mr. Collington Taylor's illustrations are delightful.

Big towns are more graced by gossip than big counties. There are many books to prove this statement, and Mr. Vincent brings yet another (*Highways and Byways in Berkshire*. With illustrations by F. L. Griggs. Macmillan, 6s.) to add to the weight of argument. But in spite of this fact he has managed to make his book readable enough. He has inserted in it a large amount of solid fact, and, if he has slurred over some districts with which, apparently, he is not very familiar, he has on the whole written proportionately. This must have been difficult, for the interests of Berkshire are many. The river and the downs, the forest country and King Alfred's country, Windsor and all the other places of antiquarian and historical interest called for mention, and have received it. Despite the fact that Mr. Vincent lives near Abingdon, we suspect that at heart he prefers the town life. An enterprise like that of Lord Wantage moves him to a state of ecstatic admiration, but flowers and birds do not appear to interest him much, and it has been left to Mr. Griggs, in his excellent pictures, to supply the note of sympathy which his fellow-worker lacks. The chapter tacked on at the end of the book, about the Civil Wars and Berkshire's share in them, is not always intelligible and not well conceived, for although the author has at times a happy and ready pen he cannot write military history. His style is weighed down with mannerisms; and there is in the book too much about Mr. Vincent, with the result that Berkshire often comes off second best.

Moons and Winds of Araby. By Roma White. (Brown Langham, 5s.) A visit to Egypt, not as a tourist, but as an inmate of the prettiest home within a hundred miles of Cairo, is turned to amusing account by the author of "Moons and Winds of Araby." She sets down anything that interests her, and many curious things, grave and gay come under her lively sympathetic observation. She gives us airy gossip, sketches of chance acquaintance, descriptions of life in an Anglo-Egyptian household, odds and ends of information about native ways and customs, with the glamour of the East over all. We learn how to make a garden in the desert "out of Nile mud, battle-axes, Arabs and camels;" we are called upon to sympathise with the golfers when the "red flags disappeared from the golf-course and reappeared as the principal decoration of a village wedding"; and again, when the "she-camel scattered the teeing ground literally to the winds of heaven." Over the sand torment of the demoralising Khamseen she is eloquent through many pages: "a sponge is an instrument of torture, and when you brush your teeth you might as well be cleaning knives." So the book runs merrily on in a succession of bright pictures, experiences and anecdotes: it might perhaps have ended more neatly and crisply if Iadne's reminiscences of India in plague time had been entirely omitted.

Jack the Giant-Killer and Puss in Boots. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. (Newnes, 5s. each.) We commented a short time since on the fact that of some hundred gift-books designed for children sent us for review this season, not one showed any considerable originality. Writers of fairy-books are content, for the most part, to follow in the

beaten track, and it is not, therefore, surprising that children prefer the old favourites. The books before us are the most ambitious—and, we may add, the most successful—attempts to illustrate well-known tales in colour that has come under our notice. We welcome them not only because the illustrations, in themselves, are clever, but because the publishers have recognised that black-and-white makes no appeal to the child mind, and that, although elaboration distracts, crudity is equally fatal. A child's sense of humour is broad, but it asks something more than splashes of red and black. A few of Mr. Brock's pictures suffer from excess of detail, but for the most part they are clear and strong—too much so a fastidious critic might object. He has humour and a sense of the grotesque—perhaps the most strongly developed of a child's faculties—and in each of the incidents he has illustrated, the central character or characters, and the incident itself, stand out conspicuously, as they should, and the setting is never given undue prominence. Take, for example, the scene in which Jack the Giant Killer finds the three ladies in the Castle suspended by means of their hair; the figures themselves are clear; attention is never distracted by the mouse or the frog on the floor. In the two volumes—both printed in clear type on one side of the paper—there is only one illustration which lays itself open to the charge of crudity. "Jack the Giant-Killer" is obviously intended for older children than its companion; for here Mr. Brock's strength is his weakness. His figures are a little too robust—too demonic. Among many good things it is difficult to choose; but we think Mr. Brock is most conspicuously successful in the picture which shows the two fat rabbits creeping into the bag, while Puss in Boots hides behind a tree, waiting to pull the string.

Among the Christmas Gift-books sent us are several intended for girls. We have met most of the stories before, and we look in vain for an original character or an original book. Raymond Jackberns might easily improve on *The Record Term* (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), which is, as its title indicates, a girls'-school story. It is not distinguished by good writing, although, as there is a good deal of "hugging" in it, it will be read with avidity by many a schoolgirl.—*The Bolted Door* (Chambers, 3s. 6d.) is a series of pleasantly-written short stories by Mrs. Molesworth, a writer on whom we may always rely with confidence to turn out something simple and good.—No list of Christmas books would be complete without something less than a dozen from Mrs. L. T. Meade. *Turquoise and Ruby* (Chambers, 5s.) will sustain Mrs. Meade's reputation, but we do not advise any one to buy it and present it to daughters or nieces.—The same remark applies to *The Colonel and the Boy* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), which is full of unpleasant suggestion.—*Barbara Pelham* (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), by Mary E. Shipley, is the story of a child's unselfish life—a quiet, interesting tale, quietly told.—Not often have writers of girls' books as fine a story to tell as has Miss Eliza F. Pollard in *A Girl of the Eighteenth Century* (Nelson, 3s. 6d.). The scene is laid in the stirring times of the American War and the French Revolution; and the writing is attractive and the tone healthy. The book is made interesting by the introduction of famous men and women—John Wesley, Madame le Brun, and others. It is the best girls' book on our table.—*A Heroine of France* (2s. 6d.), by Evelyn Everett-Green, is another of Messrs. Nelson's new books. The heroine, of course, is Joan of Arc, and Miss Everett-Green handles her subject well and with restraint, but she has not been able to make it live.—Miss Everett-Green is more successful in her *A Motherless Maid* (Melrose, 3s. 6d.), a mild little love-story which will interest many girl-readers. From the same publisher we have *A Girl of Dreams* (3s. 6d.), by Lily Watson. The girl in question has literary dreams and any fellow sufferer will hasten to find out what happened to Rosemary.—The heroine of Lady Gilbert's tale, *Our Sister Maisie* (Blackie, 6s.), gives up brilliant prospects to devote herself to her step-brothers and sisters, left without provision or a protector, and carries them off to her Irish island, from which she draws a small sum in rents. Lady Gilbert has written a capital book which will, we think, find readers outside the ranks of the girls.—*Girl Comrades*, by Ethel F. Heddle (Blackie, 6s.), is also a tale of a struggle to find means to keep the wolf from the door. Eilidh and Morag Chandos (why not Mary and Anne Brown?) lose their inheritance through the disappearance of a will, and go to London to seek their fortunes. No girl with a taste for reading would thank us for outlining the "plot"; but to our old-fashioned ideas we think it not altogether in good taste to call two old ladies "Acid Drops."—To *The Story-Book Girls* (6s.), by Christina Gowans Whyte, went the *Bookman* one hundred pound prize for the best girl's book. The author seems to have set herself the task of turning out a "smart" school-girlish novel; and the smartness invariably takes some such form as the following:

"Mabel was sitting with Cuthbert when the Story Books called.
They really did call.
And nothing could have been more unpropitious. . . .
Adelaide Maud was with Mrs. Dudgeon.
Adelaide Maud was in blue.
Adelaide Maud seemed stiff and bored."

We are really a little sorry for Adelaide Maud who seemed stiff and bored.—A new book from the pen of Ethel Turner is always sure of a welcome, and *In the Mist of the Mountains* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) will receive the meed of praise it deserves.

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